Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

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Air Volcanoes of Turbaco.

In Baron Humboldt's interesting narrative of his water, through which air-bubbles obtained a passage; travels in the equinoctial regions of America, he describes what he saw at the Air Volcanoes of Turbaco.—Turbaco is an Indian village, situated in a most beautiful district, about 173 miles to the S. W. of the Popayan, and at the most remarkable summit in the neighbourhood of Carthagena, and about 1150 feet above the level of the sea.

The persons who accompanied the travellers on these expeditions often spoke of a marshy ground, situated in the midst of a thicket of palms, and which they discovered by the name of Los Volcanitos. They used this according to a tradition preserved in the village, the ground had formerly been ignited, but that a rain had extinguished it by frequent aspersions of bad water, and converted the fire volcanos into a watery volcano. Without attaching much credit to this tradition, the philosophers desired their guides to lead them to the spot. After traversing a space of about 3000 yards, covered with trunks of *Cassalleria, Pirigera Superba*, and *Dyrocarpus*, and in which there appeared here and there projections of a limestone rock containing petrified corals, they reached an open place of about 900 feet square, entirely destitute of vegetation, but margined with tufts of *Bromelia Karatas*. The surface was composed of layers of clay of a dark grey colour, cracked by desiccation into pentagonal and hexagonal prisms. The volcanitos consist of fifteen or twenty small truncated cones rising in the middle of this area, and having a height of from 10 to 25 feet. The most elevated were on the southern side, and their circumference at the base was from 70 to 85 yards. On climbing to the top of these mud volcanoes, they found them to be terminated by an aperture, from 16 to 20 inches in diameter, filled with

For the Saturday Evening Post.

Lines written and recited by a pupil of M. J. B's Academy.

Do not, my friends, expect to see,
Poetic graces drop from me;
My youthful mind, my tender age,
Are yet until me for the stage;
A judgment suited to my years,
But little, as thought, from hopes or fears.
Still this but forty inches high,
I long to spout, I'll not deny;
And though a hero, in debate,
I would get needs imitate;
Those men as noble signs, that stand,
To guide the Councils of the land;
Those patriots so famed for some,
Once learn'd like me, their elements.
Of whom, our Congress boasts a few,
Whose names would grace a Scotch Review?
Whose fame extends, from earth to sky,
And if but just, will never die;
A galaxy of older men,
The world will hardly see again.
Now if my learning can't display,
The lofty style of Henry Clay,
Nor that of Webster, Benton, Jones,
Whose mouths heave forth in mellow tones,
Whose powers a listening senate awe,
And plaudits from opponents draw;
Your right to censure, pray, forbear,
And, kindly, mentjonless more.
A Patriot, who once ruled high,
Was unprotected, just as I,
Yet to the highest honors rose,
By means, 'tis sorry, to suppose;
The low that strode a senate through,
Was unremembered with a shoe;
But the distinctions which he won,
Were well received by wisdom's son.
What made this worthy man so great,
The pride and glory of his state?
A lively fancy, fertile mind,
An tendency rare to find.
My friends, I hold it a maxim true,
What boys have done, a boy may do;
For nature's children are the same,
Whether of high, or humble name.
Grows not the stately branching tree,
From the minutest seed we see?
From humblest origin, we find,
Descend the brightest of mankind.
Rome had her orators we know,
Hortensius and great Cicero;
Demosthenes adorned Greece,
Whose fame shall last, 'till tongues shall cease.
An eastern Isle has had as good;
And even her Canning, Curran, Flood.
May not our soil rear men as great,
As any old or modern seat?
If talent, we now have a share;
That might with Greece or Rome compare.
Columbia's sons, sure may excell,
The fairest names, which records tell.
The motive causes, ask the same,
Celebrity, a deathless name.
These truths, my ardent mind, elate
To grow renown'd, and wise and great,
Not like the embruted butcher, who
For wages sighs, and slaughters, too!
Who doth a mind career pursue,
Which nature's laws intend to do.
But to beneficial, genuine, kind,
By traits that dignify the mind.
To higher worth alone to yield,
And virtue in distress, to shield,
Gives like our own lov'd Washington,
The tyrant's foe, but freedo m's son.

Selected by a Lady for the Saturday Evening Post.

CONSTANTIA TO THEODOSIUS.

My sorrows for Theodosius are no more; he lives, and I am happy. If you would not have me remember my sufferings, forget them yourself; for nothing now would make the reflection of them painful to me, but their affecting my revered father.

Gracious providence! and have I at length found a father! has heaven granted what nature denied? she gave me indeed a father; but oh! forgive the name; or has remembered the name and the authority, but forgot the duties of the alliance. Did I err? then instruct me, my holy guide, instruct me to revere the man who banished Theodosius, and emboldened, without cause, the monarch of her whom he had brought into being. But I will revere him, for he was kind at last, and permitted me to write to the asylum of peace; whereas I were he natives. I will revere him; for have I not here found the only comfort I was capable of? am I not sure that Theodosius lives? without that conviction (I own my weakness) I should have been unhappy within these holy walls. The exercises of devotion I pursued with equal assiduity before I entered upon the conventual life but my prayers were the heavy sacrifices of sorrow and contrition. I was alike a stranger to the serenity of peace, and to the comforts of hope. It was not in the power of conscious penitence to set my heart at rest! wherever the painful thought presented itself, that my cowardly acquiescence in the will of a father had been death to the most valuable and most amiable of men. Praying heaven has at length undeceived me, and at once restores to my eyes those dear lamented inquirers, Theodosius and nature, at last changed in deed, but both unmoved by the change. The pleasure I enjoyed in the company of the elegant, and lively Theodosius, was gay, sprightly, and animated, like himself: with him it departed and returned; and my heart was alternately delighted and depressed. Very different is the satisfaction I now feel. It is serene and peaceful like Father Francis. My mind is collected, and my spirit are restored. No longer agitated with the anxieties and impatience of hope that is unsure here, my eye is fixed on that distant, invariable object of happiness, on which time or chance can have no influence. Ye holy retreates! ye venerable walks! do I owe this peace to you? No, not to you; for methinks I have seen in your regions the gloom of discontent. Is it not, my pious father, from a quiet conscience that I derive this repose? I should not, indeed, have felt it before I entered his convent, but I should not then have known that Theodosius was still in being. Do not think, however, that I ignore out in my situation. I do rejoice in it; but my joy arises, as I apprehend, from a disordered mind. The sudden change from painful reflection to the certainty of confirmed wishes, was attended with a iron-pore, the effects of which I still feel. But will not these effects last? surely they will. O my friend! what tears of joy have I shed over that first welcome letter, which informed me that "Theodosius was still alive."

But do I not forget that I am addressing myself to the venerable Francis? ye dear me; I had all so forgot, as on awaking that ever dear letter, I beheld the kind name at the bottom—you; delightful letter: sweet messenger of peace! thou informest me that I must consider Theodosius still as dead. He! dead, only say? Theodosius is still alive. Do me thou not am that not? equivocating letter! Be gone into my bosom! but presume not there to say that he is dead.

Heavens! what rambling is this? whither has my anguished pen betrayed me? once more forgive me, my revered Father!

I thank you for the comfort, as well as for the information which your last letter afforded me. You have placed the eternal providence in a light the most amiable, and new, at least to me; I had always hitherto looked upon that power as the inflictor of temporary evils, and considered both private and public calamities as his judgements. But you have now made me of a different opinion; and I entirely agree with you, that temporary rewards and punishments are superseded by the sanctions of the christian religion. Nevertheless, I am still of opinion that God may occasionally interpose, by the infliction of evil, to save a wretch who a thought easily or obstinately hastening to destruction; but, with you, I apprehend that such dispensations are very rare, and am, for the reasons you mention, almost ashamed to believe them—pray for me and instruct me. Adieu! *Constantia.*

LETTER.

Oh! Theodosius!—my guide!—my friend!—my instructor! alas!—no more!—The tear swims in my eye—my heart swells; and my hand trembles while I tell you, that you are—banished for ever from this place, and that I am forbidden to see you, or hear from you more.

What, what shall I do? nothing ever can repair this cruel loss of a wise, a learned, and a virtuous friend—what has the world of equal worth!—deprived, for ever deprived of that presence, which enlivened with invariable cheerfulness and sensibility!—of that conversation which never failed to make the mind richer, the heart happier—and (O cruel extension of the torment!) of that precious, that true active correspondence, which, as it afforded me the means of cultivating and improving my mind, ought to have been considered with gratitude by the very person who has forbidden it.

But of whom, or of what do I presume to complain? duty restrains the remonstrances of grief and the expostulations of sorrow. You are not now ignorant, that the quarrel you dreaded he were our fathers, has actually happened, with the bitterest recrimination.

Then, farewell, my best, and most valuable friend!—for ever to be remembered!—for ever to be regretted!—accept of all I can return for your invariable, your industrious kindness!—most respected of men!—most esteemed of friends!—accept the gratitude of a tear, and think of *Constantia.*

LETTER TO THEODOSIUS.

From an unknown Hand.

The writer of this letter is not a stranger to the mutual regard of Theodosius and Constantia,—from sure authority he knows, that the hand of that Lady is, by the appointment of her father, in which, it seems she has acquiesced, within two days to be given to another.

Theodosius will make what use he thinks proper of this information, and conclude that he received it from A FRIEND.

T——s To C——a

The thought of my Constantia, which has for some time been my only happiness, is now become a greater torment to me than I am able to bear.—Must I then live to see you another's?—death is in the thought and, indeed, life itself is now become a burden to me—may you long be happy in the world but forget that there was ever such a man in it as THEODOSIUS.

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THE OFFSPRING OF MERCY.

When the Almighty was about to create man, he summoned before him the angels of his attributes, the watchful guards of his dominions. They stood in council around his hidden throne. "Create him not said the angel of peace, he will not be equitable to his brethren, he will oppress the weaker." "Create him not said the angel of peace, he will nourish the soil with human blood, the first born of his race, will slay his brother."—"Create him not said the angel of truth, he will defile thy holy sanctuary with falsehood, although thou should stamp on his countenance thine image, the seal of confidence." So spake the angels of his attributes. When Mercy the youngest and dearest child of the Eternal arose, and clasping his knees said: "Create him father in thy likeness, the darling of thy loving kindness: when all thy messengers forsake him, I will seek and support him, and turn his faults to virtues; because he is weak and will incline his bowels to compassion, and his soul to atonement. When he departs from peace, from truth, and from justice, the consequence of his wanderings shall deter him from repeating them and I shall gently lead him to amendment." The Father of All gave ear, and created man, a weak faltering being, but in his faults the pupil of mercy; the son of active and ameliorating love.—Remember then thine origin, oh! Man, when thou art hard and unkind to thy brother, mercy alone, willed thee to be created, love and pity nursed thee at their bosom's.

SELECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

FAITH IN A FATHER'S PROMISE.

I impressed on my daughter, says Mr. Cecil, the idea of faith in God, at a very early age. She was one day playing with a few beads, which seemed to delight her very much; her whole heart appeared absorbed in those beads, I said to her my dear you have some pretty beads there, "yes ma," she replied, well now throw them behind the fire. The request startled me her eyes, she looked earnestly at me as though she ought to have a reason for that sacrifice. "Well my dear do as you please, but you know I never told you any thing but what was for your good." She look'd at me a few moments, then summoning up all her fortitude, she dashed them into the fire. "Well, so I, there let them lie, you shall hear more about them some other time." A short time afterwards I bought her a box full of large beads and some toys besides. When I returned home I opened the treasure, and set them down before her. She burst into tears of ecstacy. "Those my child, are yours, because you believed me when I told you it would be better to throw those few paltry beads into the fire. I have bought you what is infinitely more valuable. But, my dear, remember as long as you live what faith is.—You threw away your bead—but I bid you—because you had faith in me that I never advised you but for your good. Put the same confidence in God. Believe every thing that he says in his word, whether you understand it or not. Have faith in him who means, and wills every thing for your good."

AN AUTUMN THOUGHT.

We watch the summer leaves and flowers decay,
And feel a sadness o'er the spirit thrown,
As if the beauty fading last away
From Nature's scenes would leave our hearts more lone,
More desolate, when many hours are gone—
And much of joy from outward things we find,
But most from treasures than our own
Through winter's storm; the higher hopes of mind—
The trust which soars from earth—earth has no chains to bind.

Marriage of Mr. John Beedle.

All who have heretofore read the "Sleigh Ride," and "the Courting," will need no further recommendation of the following, than to be informed that it is from the same gifted pen.

From the Portland Advertiser.

Since I came out in print about my sleigh riding, and frolicking and courting, I have entered into the matrimonial state, and left off dabbling in the newspapers. For a married man has a character to take care of. But folks tease and torment me so much, to let 'em know the particulars about my marriage, that I don't know but I had as good set down, once for all, and tell the rest of my experience.

CHAPTER III.

The Marriage of Mr. John Beedle.

When I left off my second Chapter, I believe I was spanking up to Sally Jones like all vengeance, and threatening to give her the but end of my resentments; was'nt I? Well, I was as good as my word. The next Sabbath day I went right to work after meeting, upon the outer man, as Deacon Carpenter says, and by sundown, things looked about right. I say nothing; but when I stood up to the glass, to finish, and sort of trimate the hair and whiskers and so forth—I saw a little fellow there, that look'd wicked. And says I, if Sally Jones knows which side her bread is buttered——but no matter; she sha'nt say, I did'nt give her a chance.

Well, I went over to the Squire's, pretty well satisfied in my mind; so, after fluttering and crowing about her a little while, I up and shew the cloven foot.—"Sally, says I, "will you take me for better or worse?"

This put her to considering; and I gave a flourish about the room, and cut a cutley-cue with my right foot. As much as to say—take your own time.

At last, says she, "I'd as liv'e have you as any body in the world, John, but—I declare—I can't.

"You can't ha; and why?"

"Cause."

"Cause what?"

"Cause I can't—and that's enough. I would in a minute, John, but for only one reason;—and that I am afraid to tell ye."

"Pish, pish," says I, "dont be bashful; if there's only one stump in the way, I guess here's a fellow——"

"Well then, look t'other way, John, I can't speak if you look at me."

"O yes—there, now's your time, says I, with a flirt."

"The reason is—Jos Bowen, the stage driver. Now, you shan't tell nobody, John, will ye."

Who would have thought this of Sally Jones!

It seemed to me, the very old Boy had got into the women. They fairly put me to the nonplush All this time, my popularity with the ladies was amazing. To see them flattering and soft soaping me all over, you would have sworn I had nothing to do but to pick and choose. I had as much gallanting to done I wanted, every where; and for politeness and gentility I never turned my back to no man. Then, they were as thick and familiar with me, tho' they did'nt care what they said or did before me; and finally whenever they had any errands or chores to do—who but I was the favorite bird, *to fetch and carry?* I was forever and ever racing and canterin' from post to pillar, to do their biddings. Rain or shine, snow or mud; nothing stopped me: and I may say, I fairly earned their smiles, by the sweat of my brow. Then, it was "O Mr. Beedle! What should we do without Mr. Beedle?" But when I caught one alone, and began to touch upon the matrimonial sentiments, then how quick the tune was changed! O the ways of the women are curious.

Patty Bean was not the first I run against by a long shot I never cut any thing for want of asking; and I was playing and to begin to talk turkey, always when I got sociable, if it was only out of politeness. Now and then one would promise, and then fly off at the handle; but in all contrived some reason or other for giving me the tag to hold. One had taken a firm resolve never to marry ——no, never, never! and the next Sunday morning she was published. Another chicken thought she was a great deal too young to undertake to manage a family. At last I took a great shine to the school-marm, Huldah Hornbeam; though she was ten years older than I, and taller by half a yard or so: and when I offered her heart and hand, she fixed up her mouth, and says she "I've a great respect and esteem for you, Mr. Beedle, but——" and so forth. Nothing will cool a man down quicker than "respect and esteem," unless it is a wet blanket. But let Huldah alone; she had her eye upon Deacon Carpenter all the time.

Well, as I was going mooping along home, from Squire Jones', I fell in with Doctor Dingley. The Doctor saw in a minute that something was the matter, and he went to work and sounded the whole secret out of me. Then he seemed so fidgetty that I up and told him all my experience with the women, from beginning to end.

"Well John," says he, "I advise you now, to wait till the twenty-ninth of February;—when the gals turn round and court the fellows. It's none of my business, but if I was you, I would'nt let the women make a fool of me any more."

Well, I took a resolution and I stuck to it firm; for when I once set up my ebenezer, I am just like a mountain. I stuck to it till all along pretty well into January, *when* I had to go to singing school, I must go to singing school, for I was leader in treble, and there was no carrying on the parts without me. But that was nothing, if it hadn't fell to my lot to go home with Hannah Peabody, four times running. Politeness before every thing. Well, she kept growing prettier and prettier every time, but I only grit my teeth and held on the harder.

By and by, Saturday came round, and I felt sort of uneasy, moping about home; and says I, this resolution will never set well upon my stomach without air and exercise; and before I had done thinking of that, I was more than half way to Captain Peabody's. It was about daylight down as I was passing by the kitchen; but hearing a sort of snickering inside, I slipped up and peeked into the window, just out of curiosity.

There was no candle burning—for Mrs. Peabody is saving of tallow—but I could see Hannah and Pol Partridge, the help, telling fortunes, in the ashes, by firelight. I turned round to go off, and run right agen Jack Robinson. Jack was come to set up with the help, and must needs split open it, I should go in and see Hannah. "She has'nt had a spunk thru mouth," says he, "and if you shall go, or I'll lick ye."

Well there was no dodging here, and all I had to do was to grin and bear it. So in I went, and once in, good by to resolution. The short and the long of it was, I was soon as deep in the mud as I had been in the mire. But I had another queer chap than Sally Jones to deal with now. And here was the difference between them. Where you got a slap in the chops from Sal—Hannah kept ye off with a scowl and a cock up of the nose. And Madam could'nt bear handling. With her it was "Talk is talk, but hands off Mister."

But I rather guess I had cut my eye teeth by this time. If I hadn't learnt something about the natur of women, the kicks I had taken from all quarters fell upon the barren ground. There is no way of dealing with them but to coax and flatter; you gain nothing, let me tell ye, by saving of salt soap; and you must be sly about it. It is no way to catch a wicked devil of a colt, in a pasture, to march right up, bridle in hand; you must sort of side along as if you was going past, and whistle, and pretend to be looking t'other way; and so, round and round, till at last you corner him up; then jump and clinch him by the forelock. O, I'm not so green a fool as I might be.

But it was a long tedious business, before Hannah and I could come to any sort of an understanding.—There was old Captain Peabody was a stum in my way. He was a man that had no regard for politeness; he travelled rough shod, through the town, carrying a high head and a stiff upper lip, as much as to say, "I owes nobody nothing, by——." He had been a skipper, and sailed his schooner all along shore, till he got fore handed, then went back up country and set down to farming. But I never trouble to mind, if he's as big as all out doors. And after he puked his fist in my face, one 'lection, we never hitched horses together.

Well, as I was afraid to go to the house and court Hannah in the regular way, I had to carry on the war just when and where I could; sometimes of a dark night, I could steal into the kitchen. But my safest plan was to tuck her to the neighbours' houses where she went to spend evenings; skulk about till she started home, then waylay her on the road. Pretty poor chance, this you'll say. But as if that wasn't enough, Hannah herself must join in to plague me half to death.

You see, I wanted to let her know what I was after in a sort of delicate underhand way, and her pay herself on the side side of the fence all the time, if there was to be any kicking. But Hannah had no notion of riddles; she would not understand any thing short of plain English. I hated plague suspicious about "true love" and Cupid's darts, and all that. Then I would have a long sigh and say "alas, does that mean Hannah?" But no; she couldn't see, poor soul; she looked as simple and innocent all the while, as a butter would'nt melt in her mouth.

She was plaguy close, too, as to her goings and comings; and if she happened any time by accident, to let drop the least word, that show'd me where to find her next time, she was so mad with herself that she was ready to bite her tongue off.

One day she was going to her aunt Molly's to spend the evening, and she went all the way round to Doctor Dingley's, to tell Mrs. Dingley not to tell me.—"For," says she, "I don't want him to be dodging me about every where." Well, Mrs. Dingley, she promised to keep dark, but she told the Doctor, and what does the Doctor do, but comes right straight over and tells me. "Gone all stark alone," says he, but its none of my business.

This is the day that I have marked with a piece of chalk. Hardly was daylight down, before I was creeping to my skulking nest, in Aunt Molly's barn. I was on the hay mow, where there was a knot-hole handy, to look through and see all that went in or out of the house. I had a scheme in my head that Hannah little dreamt of; and I lay and thought it over, till she came out; and when I got her under my arm and walking down the lane, thinks I, I'll set the stage a rolling any how, let it stop where it will.

So I set in to talking about this and that and t'other thing, and happened (by mere chance ye know) to mention our old Tanner Shop, that stands at the corner, that my father used to work in, when he was alive. And says I, "speaking of the old shop, it always puts me in mind of you, Hannah."

"Of me? John!" says she—"why?"

"O, it's just the thing to a scare," says I.

"Well—"

"Sweep out the dirt, and old hat parings and truck,—"

"Well—"

"Take the sign, rub out "Hatter" and put in "Merchant," and next spells "John Beedle, Merchant—"

"Well, John—"

"Then get rum, and molasses, and salt fish, and ribbons, and calicoes—"

"O," says she, "it's my new calico gowns you was a thinking of—isn't it pretty?"

"O!" says I "'tis a sweet pretty gown!—" says I. "But——the upsh t of the matter is, Hannah, ——I have finally concluded to set up Store and get *married*, and settle myself down as a merchant for life—"

At this, Hannah hung down her head and gave a snicker. "And how does all that put you in mind of me, John?" says she.

"I guess."

"I won't guess, nor try to, so there now——I never——!"

What I said and what she said next, is all lost, for I'll be smot it I can remember. It is all fun, but in my head like a dream. The first thing I knew, we were right agin Capt. Peabody's barn, walking as close together as we could, with comfort, and our arms crossed round each other's waist. Hannah's tongue had got thawed out, and was running like a brook in a freshet, and all one steady stream of honey. I saw, I was ready to jump out of my skin.

It was a mile and a half good, from Aunt Molly's to Capt. Peabody's and I thought we had been about a minute on the road. "So says I, "Hannah, let's go set down under the great apple tree, and have a little chat, just to taper off the evening." We now sat down, and began to talk sensible. We settled all the preliminaries of the nuptial ceremony, and then talked over the store, till we thought we saw ourselves behind the counter; I weighing and measuring and dickering and doling out, and she, at the desk, pen in hand, figuring up the accounts. "And mind John," says she, "I'm not a going to trust every body at the corner, I tell ye." But for as we were beginning to get sociable, as I thought, Hannah looks up, and says she, "what can that are great red streak be, in the sky, away down there beyond Saccarap?" "I rather guess," says I, "it is a fire in the woods." Fire in the woods! I'll be skinned if it isn't day-light a coming—Quick, John, help me into the window, before father is a stirring, or here'll be a pretty how d'ye do."

The next job was to sell the news to Captain Peabody. Hannah had settled it that she should speak to her mother, and she could manage *her* well enough, and it was my business to ask her father.—This was a thing easier said than done. It stuck in my crop for days, she could'nt see, poor soul; she looked as simple and innocent all the while, as a butter would'nt melt in her mouth.

She was plaguy close, too, as to her goings and comings; and if she happened any time by accident, to let drop the least word, that show'd me where to find her next time, she was so mad with herself that she was ready to bite her tongue off.

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till he had wiped his face and taken a swig of cider to recover his wind; and then he gave me the particulars.

When Captain Peabody had read my certificate, he could not read; but tackled up and drove right down to let off his fury upon his old friend Squire Darling. The moment he got sight of the Squire, he turned to, and called him all the foul names, he could lay his tongue to, for half an hour. The Squire denied every thing. The Captain downed the certificate, and says he, "there's black and white against ye, you bloody old pirate."

The Squire knew the hand write was his nephew's as soon as he saw it, and the truth was brought to light. But, as the storm fell in one quarter, it rose from the other. Squire Darling had much use in his day and had'nt forgot how to box the compass; and as soon as the saddle was on the right horse, he set in and gave the Captain his own brick again; and let him have it about Nor-Nor-West, right in his teeth, till he was fairly blown out. They struck hands then, and seeing Hannah and I had got under weigh together they said we must go the voge, and no time must be lost in making all taut in the lashings, with a good fine square knot, before change of weather. So the Squire slacked up a little, got into the stage and came home with the Captain, to hold the wedding that very night.

How Doctor Dingley happened to be in the town, just at the nick of time, I dont know.—It was his luck; and as soon as he saw which way the wind was, he hoked up and ran end home in a hurry. After he had got through with the particulars, says he "now Mr. Beedle, it's none of my business, but if I had such a hitch upon Captain Peabody, I would hang back like a stone dog, till he agreed to back my note, for two hundred dollars in the Portland Bank, to buy goods with, enough to set you up in the store.

I thought strong upon this idea, as I was going over to Captain Peabody's. But the moment I shew the least symptoms of backing, such a storm was raised as never was seen. Father and mother-in-law and Squire Darling set up such a yell all together, and poor Hannah; she sat down and cried. My heart failed me, and I made haste to give in and plead sorry, as quick as possible; and sum how in my hurry, I let out that Doctor Dingley had set me on; and so we the innocent cause of his getting a most righteous licking, the first time Captain Peabody caught him. It was'nt settled short of thirty dollars.

Well, Squire Darling stood up and married us about nigh; and there was an end of trouble. Me her in law would not part with Hannah, and she made father in law give us a setting out, in the north end of his house. He could not stomach me very well for awhile—but I have managed to get on the blind side of him. I turned right in to work on his farm, as steady and industrious as a cart horse. And I kept on pleasing him, in one way and another, more and more, till he has taken such a liking to me, that he wouldn't part with me for a cow. He owns that I save him the hire of a help, out and out, the year round.

There,—now I have done. I can't patronise the newspapers any more. I have enough to do that is more profitable about home. Between hard work in the fields, and chores about house and barn and hog pen, I can't call a minute my own, summer nor winter. And just as certain as my wife sees me come in and set down to take a little comfort,—just so certain is she to come right up and give me the baby to hold.

Noisy binsy. The stories that are going the rounds, from mouth to mouth, about my first marriage are all a pack of lies invented by Joe Morey and Peter Scamp, just to make folks laugh at my expense.

PHRENOLOGY.

Visit of Dr. Gall to the pr son at Berlin, and Fortress Spandau, with his phrenological observations on the prisoners.

On the 17th of April, 1805, in the presence of the chiefs of the civil tribunal, of the inquisitors of the criminal department, of various councillors, and of many other witnesses, they were conducted to the prison at Berlin, where upwards of two hundred culprits, of whom they had never heard until that moment, to whose crimes and dispositions they were total strangers, were submitted to their inspection. Dr. Gall lays much weight upon this visit, as a very great practical test of the truth of this system: and the result is official, being witnessed by persons in the employment of the Prussian Government, and proposed for that purpose.

Dr. Gall immediately pointed out, as a general feature in one of the wards, an extraordinary development in the region of the head where the organ of theft is situated, and in fact every prisoner there was a thief. Some children also, detained for theft, were then shown to him; and in them, too, the same organ was very prominent. In two of them, particularly, it was excessively large; and the prison register confirmed his opinion that these two were most incorrigible. In another room, where the women were kept apart, he distinguished one dressed exactly like the others, occupied like them, and differing in no one thing but the form of her head. "For what reason is this woman here," asked Gall, "for her head announces no propensity for theft?" The answer was, "she is the murderess of this room." One prisoner had the organ of benevolence and of religion as strongly developed as those of theft and cunning; and his boast was, that it was repugnant to his feelings to rob a church. In a man named Fritze, he aimed for the murder of his wife, though his crime was not proved, the organs of cunning and firmness were fully developed; and it was by these that he eluded conviction. In Weschke, he found the organ of mechanical arts, together with the head very well organized in many respects; and his crime coming. In Troppe he saw the same organ.—This man was a shoemaker, who, without instruction, made clocks and watches, to gain a livelihood in his confinement. On a nearer inspection, the organ of imitation was found to be large. "If this man had ever been near a theatre," said Gall, "he would in all probability, have turned actor." Troppe, astonished at the acute acy of this sentence, confessed that he had joined a company of strolling players for six months. His crime, too, was having pers nated a police officer to extort money. The organs of circumspection, prudence, foresight, were sadly deficient in Heinig, who in a drunken fit had stabbed his best friend. In some prisoners he found the organ of language, in others of colour, in others of mathematics; and his opinion, in no single instance, failed to be confirmed by the known talents and dispositions of the individual.

On the 20th of April (continues the same author) the visit was made at Spandau, in presence of the privy counsellor Hufeland, one of the most philosophic physicians of his age, and of several official persons of similar respectability. Four hundred and seventy heads were submitted to inspection. In every rather the organ of theft was highly developed, accompanied by various other organs in the different individuals. In one Dr. Gall perceived the organ of mathematics strongly pronounced; together with other g nius—such a thrashing and groaning and snorting! you never! He stopped and looked back, and all soon came to light. There was an old white faced horse came scrabbling along out of the woods, rocking and leaning, with an old wooden top shay at his tail, and a chap about my size flourishing a small beech pole pretty well broomed up at the end. And says I, "Master, can you tell me where one Squire Darling lives?"

"Which Squire Darling?" says he, "there's two of the name."

"His name is John," says I.

"Faith, says he, they are both Johns too, but one is a lawyer and t'other a cooper."

"O then it must be the lawyer, that I want says I."

With that, he young man gave a squint at Hannah and a wink at me; and "come along, says he, I am going right there now, and I'll shew ye the Squire, and fix things for ye."

"Hannah, says I, this is lucky."

We he carried us into a small one story house, a little farther on, full of books and papers and dust; and smelling of a rong old dead tobacco smoke. Here we sat down while he went out after our business. We waited and waited till long after dark and were glad enough to see him come back at last, with a candle.—"The Squire is very sick, says he, but I have over persuaded him." And he next minute the Squire came groaning a rong in, all in fitted up in a great coat and spectacles on, and a great tall woman with him to witness for the bride.

Well, he went to work and married us, and followed up with a right down sensible sermon, about "multiplying and increasing on the earth"—and I never felt so solemn and serious. Then followed kissing the bride all round; then the certificates, and then I give him two silver dollars, and we got into the shay again and off.

After this nothing happened to speak of, for about a month. Every thing was kept snug, and Capt. Peabody had no suspicions. But one morning, as break of day, as I was creeping softly down Capt. Peabody's back stairs, with my shoes in my hands as usual, I trod into a tub of water, standing on the third step from the bottom, and down I came slam bang. The Captain was going to kill his hogs, and had got up betimes, put his water on to heat, and was whetting his butcher knife in the kitchen.

The first thing I saw, when I looked up, there stood Captain Peabody, with a great butcher knife in his hand, looking down upon me like a thunder cloud! I want to know if I'd'nt feel scared! He clinched me by the collar and stood me up, and then raised his knife over me as high as he could reach. I thought my last minute was come. Blood would have been shed as sure as rates, if it had'nt been for Mrs. Peabody. She stepped up behind and laid hold of his arm; and says she,—"its no matter, Mr. Peabody, they are married."

"Married to that puppy!" roared the Captain.

"Yes sir," says I, "and here's the certificate."

And I pulled it out of my jacket pocket and gave it to him. But I did'nt stay to any more ceremony; as soon as I felt his grip loosen a little. I slid off like an eel, and tacked out doors,—and made tracks home, about as fast as I could leg it. But there was'nt no peace for me this day. I was in constant worry and stew all the forenoon, for fear the Captain would do something rash, and I could neither sit and nor stand still, eat, drink or think.

About the middle of the afternoon, Dr. Dingley came bouncing in, out of breath, and says he—"John, you have been elevated and bamboozled. Your marriage ain't worth that. It was all a contrivance of Jack Darling the Lawyer and his two imps, Joe Morey and Peter Scamp. The man all he could say same place, five or six children more particularly struck the doctor's attention, among the rest two boys (brothers,) who had the occipital and basilar regions very predominant, and notice of the individual organs in them very large; combativeness, firmness and destructiveness, particularly so. On being asked what they would wish to be, each answered a "butcher;" and when further interrogated as to the reason why they made such a choice, they replied, they "liked to kill."

Dr. Spurzheim also visited the "Refuge for the Insane," attended by the medical gentlemen of the establishment, and others. Among the patients there were some Dr. S. pointed out with imperfect organizations, idiots from birth, fatuous persons, which may be found in every asylum of the kind; but there were a few which the doctor selected as worth taking casts from, being instances of the aberration of the dominant feelings. One old woman with marvellous very large, fancied herself constantly troubled with "devils in the head;" she told us, that she had not only felt them, but frequently saw them, *as they flew out of her head;* and begged "some persons" might exorcise her of these infernal guests. Another individual, who became insane from the following circumstances, was one peculiarly interesting. He was the captain of a small sloop and had a favourite son on board, who whilst playing on the deck of the vessel, unfortunately fell over board. Every means were used to save him, but without success. Therefore to obtain the body, he followed the direction of the tide as far as Grimsby, where the child was washed up, and some individuals attempted to catch him with grappling irons. This circumstance so pained his philoprogenitiveness, adhesiveness, and benevolence, (all which are very large in him,) that he plunged into the water with his clothes and snatched his darling boy from it; but he was cold and covered with mud, death had already claimed him! When brought to the shore, he pressed him on the back, and wiped the dirt from the child's face; afterwards he had a strong fit, and when he recovered from the shock, he soon lost his reason. What is remarkable pathologically, and in reference to Phrenology, he complained of violent pain at the posterior part of the brain at the seat of philoprogenitiveness, &c. and was treated with local applications. He is recovering.

The last place visited by this great observer of our species was the town-goal, where he inspected many prisoners; but on entering the felons' side, his eye passed rapidly over the great number of them but rested upon two or three individuals, whom he inspected with magical rapidity and instantaneously scanned the peculiarities of their characters. This latter was the most surprising; and those who had a great quantity of hair on their head, he placed his hand or hands over his four regions, and his conclusions proved astonishingly correct.

Among the prisoners there was one for trial a most notorious swindler; his intellectual organs were well developed; but from the organ of veneration to self esteem appeared a most uncommon absence of brain; it resembled a skull with a portion sliced off; but the basilar and occipital region, particularly the former, was very broad at secretiveness and acquisitiveness.—The doctor said of this man, "You cannot believe what he says," the turnkey replied, with an expression of surprise at Dr. Spurzheim's sagacity, "that he never met a greater liar; he had told him an unaccountable number of lies in less than twenty-four hours; I had intended to ask you what you thought of him, &c."

Another individual, whom a worthy magistrate, that accompanied us, spoke of as one whose look and manner would deceive any body, but that he was a notorious thief! Dr. S. found him very large in imitation, secretiveness, firmness and self-esteem. The latter combination induced him to make the remark, that this person would always be a leader, such individuals would never be subordinate; and this proved to be the fact. He had always been the head man in all schemes of plunder; and as a sheep stealer, he was notorious, there being presumptive proof that he had stolen and killed upwards of two hundred! I need not add that conscientiousness and cautiousness were both very defective. The fourth and last was a boy who had expressed a wish that he might be enabled to commit many robberies, and after some years to be brought to condign punishment, and, when about to be launched into eternity, he might hear the crowds below him express with surprise, &c. "that he was the celebrated ——, whose deeds were so daring," &c. Love of approbation, secretiveness, and imitation, were extremely large in him, and the moral region defective. Should his career of crime not be put an end to, he would continue the thief; but from his organization, he must be only a subordinate being; "for," said Dr. S. "the organs of self-esteem and firmness are deficient in him."

Lady's Department.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE COQUETTE.

I loved her—'tis true—I cannot deny it,
And I thought that she loved me as well—
With kisses that she'd marry, I determined to try it—
But alas! those hopes, how they fell——
I said I was wealthy—She bewitchingly smiled—
That my prospects were fair, and she nodded her—
I told her that I no longer was wild,
But that in dull business I plodded:—
She, seeming, assented, and chee rfully spoke,
And hoped I would ever do well.—
On this, with much boldness, the ice being broke,
My love I proceeded to tell.—
Of marriage I spoke, a blush rose on her cheek,
And she look'd on the floor, when I said,
Loveliest 'tis thee, whom as partner I seek—
Wilt thou be my wife dearest maid?—
She laughed, and said she was sorry to say,
And her eyes she raised from the floor,
That I had proposed a' too late a day,
For she had engaged—*just one month before!*—
I called her a jilt, a flirt, a coquette—
I could not avoid it, I'm sure—
I raided at her then, but was glad, and am yet,
That of such foolish notions the jade did me cure.
O. P. Q

For the Saturday Evening Post.

FEMALES.

Mr. Editor.—The following remarks which were suggested and partly taken from a late French publication, I think merit the attention of that class of persons whose name it bears.

An inequality has been established between the sexes against which females have never protested. Those who endowed with greater strength of mind than others, have dared to raise the standard of revolt, far from being seconded, have indeed been attacked by their equals, and ridiculed by their tyrants. From these facts we might be tempted to conclude that the inferiority of females led its origin and authority in justice.

If men, ashamed of the abuse of a law which had been imposed by force, wished to induce females to participate in the benefits of the age. Christianity has morally though not actually released them from their thraldom. They wished to lead them to a state of equality with the noble sex; and to destroy forever that subordination so little conformable to the progress of civilization. But it and d simil

For the Saturday Evening Post.

AN EVENING AT NEILS—No. 9.

Squibb enters, laughing immoderately, and as he seats himself, thus soliloquizes:

I have it—I, faith, 'tis most excellent! By this manœuvre the tables will be completely turned! Fustian must needs sharpen his wit at my expense—and irritated me so excessively at our last meeting, that I was half tempted to go at once and propose—but despair soon gave place to revenge. If he sounds this precious plot of mine, I will forfeit a dozen of Champaigne. Let me see—perfumed billet-doux—moonlight rambles—sentimental balderdash—and Cupid's grosses. What an inventive dog I am—ha, ha!

Sir Oracle to Fustian (on the threshold.)—Yes, it must be so you say. His case is desperate. Poor Squibb!

Squibb.—Ah, Sir Oracle, are you there? Pray be seated, as I have a question to propound, on which hinges the credit of the club.

Fustian.—Unfortunate fellow! his *sixth* rejection has unstrung his nerves.

Squibb.—What punishment, Sir Oracle, would a member of this triumvirate deserve, who should so far forget himself, and the honour of his colleagues, as to write sentimental effusions in a lady's album—spend a whole evening in extolling Tom Moore—and wind up by denouncing celibacy, as the most incongruous whim that ever entered the human mind—eh, Sir O!

Sir Oracle.—He should lose *caste* for a fortnight—receive a severe reprimand from the chair, and be compelled to write an eulogium on *single* blessedness.

Squibb.—And you, Fustian.

Fustian.—The offender would deserve to have his head shaved, and be restricted to water gruel until he repented and owned his error.

Squibb.—Right, most *candid* Fustian—a second Daniel! But what if the culprit should even hint at a trip to the altar, and walk to St. Paul's thrice in one Sabbath, that he might have an opportunity of gazing on his fair enslaver, and after escorting her to her residence, somewhere near the Woodlands, return to his *attic*, and indite an epistle to her, commencing "*Loveliest of the sex.*"

Sir Oracle.—In that case, I should consider him too far gone to recover, and move his expulsion.

Fustian.—And I should say, that he deserved a helpmate as ugly as Medusa, as talkative as a magpie, and as vile a termagant withal, as the wife of Socrates.

Squibb.—Good, again, Fustian! You add double strength to the verdict of Sir Oracle.

Sir Oracle.—But whither does this preamble tend?

Squibb.—Ask Fustian.

Fustian.—Me!

Sir Oracle.—Fustian—why, in the name of all that is reasonable, you do not mean to insinuate that Fustian has committed—

Squibb.—Yes, I do; and that tell-tale face of his would be sufficient evidence of the fact, if other proof than my assertion were requisite.

Fustian.—Nay, Squibb, is this generous? You know—

Squibb.—Do not *fear*—I will be merciful, and so will Sir Oracle, as we are both aware that it is your first offence.

Fustian.—Stay, hear me out! Are you not ashamed to promulgate such scandalous nonsense, when you must know it is totally without foundation? It originates in sheer malice; it is a vile plot—in short, is a ——. You would oblige me, Sir Oracle, by being less obstreperous in your mirth.

Sir Oracle.—I cannot help it—the thing is so excellent!

Fustian.—Upon my credit, I think the affair is going too far; I thought my reputation as a *Celebs* was beyond suspicion—not to be tainted by such a vile rumour. As to Squibb, he may relish the joke—he is *privileged*; but you, Sir Oracle, to believe it?

Sir Oracle.—I do not believe a word of it. Do you not perceive that it is a *coup de main* of Squibb's, to serve as an offset against your raillery touching the lady at the *ball*; and I must say he has served you up in handsome style—Squibb is sovereign of the ascendant.

Fustian.—I see it all; he has outwitted me this time, I must confess. Come, we are now *quits*—what say you to a truce? Let us smoke the Calumet—no, drink oblivion to the past.

Squibb.—Agreed! and let this circumstance afford the wholesome moral, that the satirist should premise his attack upon others, with the reflection—what would be *his* feelings, if similarly situated.

Fustian.—But why did you spare Sir Oracle? he also assisted in quizzing you.

Squibb.—Nay, I war not with him; for I hold with the ancients, that we should reverence gray hairs.

Sir Oracle.—Gray hairs, indeed! gray hairs—let me tell you, that as yet I am in the meridian of life—I can scarcely number—

Fustian.—You have it, Sir Oracle—you have it also. Squibb has been reading Juvenal, and cuts as he goes.

Sir Oracle.—Pshaw! I might have seen his intention. But he cannot disturb my equanimity—my temper is not to be ruffled by the random shaft of every adventurous archer.

Squibb.—So I perceive; but, notwithstanding, Philosophy sometimes succumbs to wounded vanity, which opens the repository of the passions, that *Prudence* may escape, and Resentment usurp the throne.

Fustian.—As we have commenced the evening on the subject of the ladies, what say you to following up the theme? Give us your opinion of the sex.

Sir Oracle.—There you must excuse me, if I decline venturing on so rash a topic—or rather, if in candour, I have no opinion at all: the opinion of to-day, must be reversed to-morrow—and so on through an infinity of hypothesis. The sex are so inconsistent in their purpose, and so variable in their whims, that it may be justly said of them—"Trahit sua quemque voluptas."

Squibb.—Probably Fustian would rather have your opinion on matrimony. It may be of service to him before a thousand years.

Sir Oracle.—Recollect the amnesty, Squibb, and "let by-gones be by-gones." Of marriage, however, we may venture to assert, that it is an ordinance of incalculable benefit to the well-being of the community—yet, in too many instances, made the source of misery.

Fustian.—How so?

Sir Oracle.—In uniting thousands, whom a dissimilarity of taste and habit should for ever separate—as also, in causing individuals to marry, who have not acquired such a position in life, as to afford them the means of meeting the current expenditure of a household. Their little capital, which, if set afloat upon the sea of trade, would soon accumulate, and enable them to brave the adverse winds that are so frequently the destruction of the inexperienced young voyager, is directed through a channel into which no springs pour to swell its measure. In addition to which, they meet many perplexities, that ill accord with straitened finances.

Squibb.—Then you do not credit the Milesian axiom, that "two can struggle through *the poverty better nor one.*"

Sir Oracle.—In one sense of the adage, I do—and that is, where perseverance and industry on the one hand, receive a stimulus from economy and affection on the other. With a friend to cheer amid the frowns of fortune, and a companion to aid in the pursuance of an honest profession, many have emerged from the depths of difficulty, to stations of respectability and competence. But should it unfortunately happen, as it does in too many cases, that a dissimilarity of taste should develope itself after the *romance* by marriage wears off, the issue will be very doubtful if it does not actually terminate in despair——

Fustian.—At which stage of the affair, master Cupid, finding his empire destroyed, leaves the premises.

Squibb.—That family jars and domestic feuds may take possession.

Sir Oracle.—Not so fast, gentlemen—this is only brought forward as a possible case. If sentiment and disposition be considered as essential by the parties contracting, and a resolution virtuously to adhere to the *professions* rendered before marriage, be continued after the ceremony is performed, then the danger I spoke of, as likely to ensue, will be at once obviated, and mutual confidence—that sweetener of the married state—will not only form an incentive to continued industry and perseverance, but also prove an effectual safeguard against "the thousand ills that flesh is heir to."

Fustian.—And does this argument embrace the non-necessity of an established pecuniary basis ante marriage.

Sir Oracle.—By no means. It should be one of the essential preliminaries, that a settled plan for immediate operation be established first. There should be no reliance on contingencies—no speculations upon the future, for it is dangerous ground to venture upon—all should be beyond the power of common circumstance to injure; and then, should events of an unusual nature rise up, to destroy what seemed at starting, so secure, you, at least, would not have to criminate yourself.

Fustian.—And your wife's, one thousand and one relations and friends would have no opportunity of denouncing you as the destroyer of their family respectability, and the only blighted limb on the genealogical tree—

Squibb.—Which never had any foundation, save with the tea-table directory, consisting of envious brothers-in-law, ignorant aunts, and mimsikull cousins.

Sir Oracle.—It should be your first duty to inquire whether the family with whom you were about to intermarry, had any such worthy *attaché*—for you had better trust to the mercy of the famished tigress, than risk your reputation within the power of such a *congress*. You are placed upon a pivot, and no board of brokers ever watched the fluctuations of stock with more earnestness, than will your kindred, by marriage, the peccadilloes you may accidentally develope.

Fustian.—Rather a startling picture, Sir Oracle.

Sir Oracle.—It is a true one—rather meagre in detail, as I have not by *experience* an opportunity of painting it to the life.

Squibb.—At what age should a man marry?

Sir Oracle.—When he is willing to give up the use of Macassar oil and guard-chains—when he ceases to flirt with every lady he sees, and sinks the coxcomb in the man.

Squibb.—Nay, I see you evade a direct answer—so I will give my opinion. To afford an illustration in point, suppose I take us three—I should commence now, at twenty-five—Fustian, who is thirty-five, also immediately—and you, Sir Oracle——

Sir Oracle.—I move an adjournment.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE FANCY BALL.

Mr. Editor,—For some weeks past, every body has been speaking of the Grand Fancy Ball which, after great preparations on all hands, took place on Thursday the 9th inst. at Mr. Guillou's splendid saloon in Fifth street, near Walnut. Many of those persons were your constant readers; and I hope you will, with your usual courtesy, allow us to proclaim through your popular columns, the great satisfaction experienced by all present.

Among the countless costumes which crowded the saloon, we observed a Sultana, who with the equivocating spirit of her sex, proved to my satisfaction (for her eyes spoke unanswerable arguments) that she did not violate the law of her religion forbidding wine, in merely sipping a glass of nayou. Shylock, before a host of witnesses, and "incensed by the devil," commenced eating a ham sandwich, at which Sir Isaac Newton, forgetting the laws of gravity, on which he had been pondering, laughed very heartily. Lord Ogleby, a *cidevant jeune homme* of eighty, was, we made bold to think, particularly attentive to a beautiful priestess of Vesta, who, by the bye, listened to him as if his great age were not "such a very great objection." We heard a Scotchman (either Robert Roy or the Thane of Cawdor) join a Bavarian broom girl in praising the handsome painting of the floor. A Brazilian ape gambolled actively about the room, until an envious Neapolitan fisherman pulled off his graceful tail. Hamlet forgot to play the madman, and no longer remembering the murder of his royal father, tripped it "on the light fantastic toe" with a bewitching "Sosbrette." Uncas, the "son of the Forked Flash," whirled in the giddy maze of the waltz with a Peya or daughter of the Incas, as if they had both been "raised" at the court of Prussia, and then with astonishing grace (considering his being a savage) helped her to an icecream. The aerial fairy, Papilio, danced *vis-a-vis* the merry Paul Pry and his inseparable umbrella. A match-girl, who looked as if a *match* with her would be all sweetness and no brimstone, conversed fearlessly with a musachiod son of Mars. A Polish lancer and the mate of the Wizard Skiff, we observed apart in one corner, discussing the propriety of the new law abolishing arbitrations in the District Court. This assuredly "smelt of the shop," but not more so than the concurrent praises bestowed upon Dr. Barton's last operation at the hospital, by a Greek pirate and the monkey aforesaid. A Jockey was boasting to a Persian damsel of having led many a courser through many a race. We were much shocked at seeing the high-minded Flora Mac Ivor listening to the "douces paroles" of a Circus clown, and the compliments of so *shuffling* a character as *Card*-inal Jack of Hearts. The Wild Arab Boy showed far more skill in the poetry of motion than was to be expected in an inhabitant of the land of deserts. The Lady of the Lake and Diana Vernon elicited much admiration, and as they were inseparable, we concluded them to be intimate friends. How different was the case of the "lovesick Romeo," and his fair Juliet, who must have had a quarrel, since they did not "speak." Sir Patrick O'Plenipo, "just returned from his embassy," escorted the protector of a smiling Flower Girl. Solomon Swap in vain attempted to palm off his "notions" upon Metamora and other sons of the forest. Oh! how we envied him "of the sword and gun," who supported on either arm a blooming Dutch damsel, the very recollection of whom *burns* my poor heart to a cinder. The faithful Gregory never ceased perusing his Valentine, while the Spanish grandees were delighting themselves with their favourite waltz. But it would be impossible to enumerate all the various and beautiful costumes of shepherds and peasants, knights and officers, Turks and Christians, soldiers and sailors, flower girls and gypsies which graced the assembled youth and beauty, and inspired "Frank Johnson" to even more than his usual lively melody.

After dancing until an early hour the next morning, (and by the bye bestowing many well-merited compliments upon Mr. Herring's refreshments) the representatives of every clime, separated delighted with the evening's entertainments." A. B.

Saturday Evening Post.

Saturday, April 18.

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☞ When addressing the publisher respecting subscribers, correspondents will please always mention at what post-office the papers are received.

To Readers and Correspondents.

We shall be glad to hear from Senex, in the way he proposes. We hope, however, that the extract will be a short one.

Romeo's love-sick effusion, addressed "to Caroline," is entirely too sentimental for the susceptibilities of our readers. It would, moreover, we fear, give offence, inasmuch as it speaks of Romeo's "Caroline" as the fairest of all Carolines, a position that we beg leave humbly to dispute, as we have the honor of knowing a Caroline whose beauty is transcendantly above that of Romeo's "lady-love," if his picture be a correct one. Young lovers are apt to be extravagant in their notions, and therefore we pardon Romeo, for the sake of his name, though we cannot publish his verses.

The resolution of our friend S. S. of Urquhart's, is extremely judicious. There *never* was a more ungrateful world than the present one, in all things relating to newspapers, and those who have the least to do with such crooked "patronage" are the best off.

WAXHAWS we beg to decline.

The gross receipts of the Fancy Ball in Baltimore, in aid of the Firemen's Fund, were $3265 15—the expenses $1394 87—leaving a clear balance of $1873 28.

We had a smart fall of snow on Thursday morning last, 16th inst. It is feared that great injury has been sustained by fruit trees, and early vegetables.

A new Post-office has been established at East Palestine, Ohio; and Dr. R. Champerlain is appointed Post-master.

SOMETHING NEW.—We publish in another column an account of a *Secret Club*, which is said to exist in this country, having for its object the acquisition of wealth. The editor of the Baltimore Republican states that the account was handed to him by a gentleman who professed to be satisfied that the statements were founded in truth. The editor himself expresses no opinion on the subject. Whether true or false the story is an ingenious one, and will attract attention.

LITERARY NOTICES.

REPUBLIC OF LETTERS.—We have received several additional numbers of this work, containing the conclusion of Gulliver's travels, Locke on the Human Understanding, and Dr. Smollett's Don Quixote. All the numbers of this work may be obtained from Mr. Fessenden.

TANNER'S UNIVERSAL ATLAS.

Number 12, of this admirable work has made its appearance, and supports the character obtained by its predecessors. It contains a map of Russia in Asia and Tartary, a map of Persia, Arabia, &c. a map of Venezuela, New Grenada, Equador and environs of Panama, and a map of Peru and Bolivia. All constructed from the most recent and authentic documents, and beautifully engraved and coloured. Twelve numbers have now been issued containing fifty-four elegant maps of all portions of the world, compiled with the most scrupulous regard to accuracy. They may be obtained of the publisher in the Shakspeare buildings, N. W. corner of 6th and Chesnut Sts

That excellent publication issued in Boston by Samuel Colman, under the title of *Parley's Magazine*, has reached its third volume. Its contents are as interesting as ever, and we are glad to learn that it enjoys an extensive circulation. It is a very interesting work for juvenile readers.

PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION.—Messrs. Key & Biddle have issued the third volume of the uniform edition of the works of Thomas Dick. It is devoted to an essay on the "Philosophy of Religion, or an illustration of the Moral Laws of the Universe," an admirable work, replete with sound doctrine and irresistible argument. Every literary man, as well as every student of theology, should purchase this series.

NEW BOOKS.—Messrs. William and D. Ticknor, Boston, are about to publish, in a neat style, the following works:

Progressive Education; commencing with the Infant. By Madame Neckar De Saussure. Translated from the French, with notes and additions by Mrs. Willard and Mrs. Phelps.

Helon's Pilgrimage to Jerusalem; a picture of Judaism, in the century which preceded the advent of our Saviour. Translated from the German of Frederick Strauss. Revised and Abridged by Baron Stow, Pastor of the Second Baptist Church, of Boston.—"Salvation is of the Jews."

Law's Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life.—Revised by Howard Malcom, D. M. Pastor of the Federal street Baptist Church, Boston.

The Harpers, of New York, have in press the following new books:

The Linwoods; or Sixty Years Since in America. A Novel. By Miss Sedgwick, author of "Clarence," "Hope Leslie," &c. In 2 vols. 12mo.

The Yamasee; a Romance of Carolina. By W. Gilmore Simms, Esq. author of "Guy Rivers," "Martin Faber" &c. In two vols. 12mo.

Norman Leslie. A Novel. By Theodore S. Fay, Esq. In 2 vols. 12mo.

Outre-mer; a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea. By Professor Longfellow. In 2 vols. 12mo.

Black Beard; a Page from the Colonial History of Philadelphia. In 2 vols. 12mo.

Miriam Coffin; or, the Whale Fishermen. A Novel. In 2 vols. 12mo. A new edition.

Voyage of the Potomac Round the World. By J. N. Reynolds, Esq. In 1 vol. 8vo. Illustrated with ten engravings on steel.

Letters from Constantinople. By Commodore Porter. In two vols. 12mo.

Novels and Tales. By James K. Paulding Esq.—New and uniform edition. 12mo.

History of the United States, No. II. or Uncle Philip's Conversation with the Children about the History of New York. In 2 vols. 12mo. Illustrated with engravings on steel.

Tales of the American Revolution. 18mo.

TRIAL OF LAWRENCE.

The trial of Lawrence for an attempt to assassinate President Jackson, took place at Washington, on Saturday of last week, before Judges Cranch, Morsell, & Thruston. Francis S. Key was counsel for the United States, and Wm. L. Brent and James F. Brent, for the prisoner. Lawrence was brought into court dressed in a gray coat, black cravat and vest, and brown pantaloons. His personal appearance is said to be prepossessing, but the appearance of his eyes indicates mania. When Mr. Key rose to address the court, Lawrence started up from his chair, under evident excitement of mind, and said he wished to know whether it was correct to bring him there, or not? He claimed the Crown of Great Britain, he said, and also that of the United States; and he wished to know if they could bring him there?

Judge Cranch desired him to take his seat, and let his counsel manage his case for him, but he persisted in interrupting Mr. Key, declaring that he was king, and that the whole proceeding was incorrect. After the jury were sworn, Mr. Brent asked permission for the prisoner to retire, as he deemed it impossible to proceed while he was present, owing to his frequent interruptions and wild exclamations. The Court, however, thought it necessary for the prisoner to remain.

Evidence was then called to prove the charge, and the assault upon the President, in the Capitol, on the day of the funeral of the Hon. Warren R. Davis, was fully substantiated by Mr. Secretary Woodbury, Mr. Secretary Dickerson, Mr. Hunter, the Marshal, and Lieut. Gedney. The particulars elicited are the same as those we have already given to our readers, from the Washington papers.

After hearing this evidence, Lawrence again rose and addressed himself wildly to the Judge. He said that what he had done to Jackson, was on account of money which he owed him: he had come there for that purpose; he considered all in that court as under him; the United States Bank had owed him money ever since 1802, and he wanted his money; he must have his revenue from that Bank. You are under me, gentlemen. [Mr. Woodward, the Deputy Marshal, endeavouring to prevail on him to resume his seat, he turned round, indignantly, and said, "Mr. Woodward! mind your own business, or I shall treat you with severity!" It is for me gentlemen, to pass upon you, and not you upon me.

The testimony on behalf of the prosecution being closed, Mr. Brent called witnesses to prove the insanity of the prisoner, a task by no means difficult after what the Court had seen of Lawrence's behaviour. The insanity of the unfortunate man, at a date long anterior to his assault upon the President, was fully substantiated by respectable evidence, and it is a matter of surprise that under the circumstances, he was permitted to go at large.

Mr. Redfern sworn.

Have known Lawrence for sixteen years; I married his sister; first observed a change in him in 1833, in the fall of 1832 he left Washington with an intention, as he said of going to England; he left in November, and returned again in December, assigning as a reason that the weather was too cold; in the Spring of the next year he started again to go to New York or Philadelphia, he certainly got no farther than Philadelphia; on his return this time, he said the people would not let him go, that his government opposed his going, that I and others had prevented him, that he should not be able to go until he got a ship and captain of his own; that when he got to Philadelphia he found all the papers so full about him that he was obliged to come back. After this he remained in my house six months, but did nothing; said he had no occasion, that he lived on his people, it was very well for men such as me to work; but he had no need; that he had large claims on this Government, which were now before Congress, and he used to attend Congress regularly; he left my house in January, 1834, but previous to this had got quarrelsome with his sister, and the coloured girl laughed at him, and that he would kill her; he said that other people also laughed at him; he struck all the waiters on several occasions, and once took up a four pound weight to throw at my wife; I have seen him pass since this time, but never have spoken to him since 1833, he would go about the house without speaking for days together; but would talk and laugh to himself continually in his own chamber; it was the general impression of the neighbours that he was insane from the beginning of 1833; his father died on Capitol Hill—I think about the year 1821 or 1822.

Mr. Brent inquired of the witness if Lawrence held two estates in England? [On asking Lawrence the names of his estates he replied, very gravely, "Tregear and Kinsany!" and they were attached to the crown of England. The witness of course answered in the negative.]

Mr. Redfern further stated his belief that Lawrence was insane, not merely on one subject; but was suffering under general derangement.

Samuel Drury examined.

Have known the prisoner 25 years; for the last year have observed a change in his conduct; he would talk to himself continually in his shop; he would sometimes say, "d—n him, he does not know his enemy; I will put a pistol—erect a gallows;" he conceived himself to be King Richard the Third of England; and likewise king of this country; this was about the latter end of last December, or beginning of January; after that I heard him say, "d—n General Jackson! who's General Jackson?" On one occasion a black boy called to collect a bill, and Lawrence said he would call and pay it; but, as soon as the boy had left, he said, "d—n him! he don't know who he's dunning!" He would stand at the door for hours, swept in thought; and even when I passed him took no notice of me; he was continually talking to himself; and would now and then burst out into fits of laughter; I noticed no particular change in him as to dress—he was always fond of dress—but I did in his conduct and appearance; I have often said he was a crazy man, and have heard others say so; have heard the boys call him King Richard; on the morning of his attack on the President, he came to the shop at the usual time, and went to a place where I could see him through a partition; he was sitting on a chest with a book in his hand, laughing; I heard soon after the lid of the chest fall, and heard him say, "I'll be d—d if I don't do it;" he then came out; left the shop, and locked the door.

Another witness testified that Lawrence told him he had found a book which gave full information in relation to his fortune in England. This book was no other than Entick's British Empire, printed in 1774.—The testimony of several medical gentlemen was clear as to Lawrence's insanity.

Dr. Hall—It is in the popular consideration of the term, the attributs of a sound mind; and supposes the faculty of comparing and judging. Insanity, on the other hand, is habitually and palpably, in thought and act to judge erroneously and absurdly. Such is the distinction of the two states; though I confess myself unable to give a strict definition of the term; in the idiot the faculties are altogether defective; in madness they act erroneously; should not call Lawrence an idiot; partial insanity is where the erroneous thought and action is confined to a particular topic or topics; the judgment remaining unimpaired as to others; total insanity is where the erroneous judgment extends to all subjects, lunacy is a term used to express one of the many forms of insanity; a person may be entirely insane, yet not so as to a knowledge of the course of his insanity; he might know that it arose from a physical injury, for instance; I have visited Lawrence twice; consider him laboring under a morbid delusion on a particular subject, and which has so deeply affected the mind, that its effects have extended nearly to all subjects; he can talk rationally whilst you can keep him from one subject; but is very apt to run into that from any and every subject; should distrust his judgment on any point whatever, for the reason that he always manages to connect the subject of delusion with other subjects; from what I have seen, believe his attack on the President was so connected, and that therefore he was not capable of judging right from wrong as to that act; believe it, if so, to have been an act of insanity; cannot of course, tell what might have been his temper at that time; insane persons may, even in the paroxysms of the complaint, talk rationally; do not see any thing in the physical appearance of the prisoner decisive as to the state of his mind, or the cause of that state.

I saw him last Monday. In the first place asked his name; he said Richard Lawrence; he said it was the family name, and descended from the Crown of England; my object was to induce him to converse on subjects not connected with the subject of his delusion; he voluntarily stated his supposed descent; I asked him as to his education; he said he was not sent to school in England; but that after he came here, he father put him with a painter, which he thought very strange, because, as he was heir to the crown, he thought that he ought to have been sent to school to fit him for his station. He then went on and talked so incoherently that I cannot repeat his conversation, about Rome, and Holland, and this country; he said the government of them all properly belonged to him; he said, as to his attempt on the President, that he had no personal hostility towards him; but that he stood in his way; opposed his just claims, and therefore he was determined to destroy him; he thought he had a party in this country who would espouse his cause, and that as soon as the President was removed, his successor would give him his right; he spoke also in a like incoherent manner about the Bank. Mental derangement cannot always be detected by an examination of the forehead; in mania, men sometimes reason powerfully and coolly; but more generally rave incoherently; in some cases they will reason acutely, but generally erroneously; believe, from the conversation of Lawrence, his state is that of morbid delusion; and the only question is—is it genuine or pretended? I believe it is not feigned. Both conversations I had with him were of a similar character. He relies on Mr. Brent's power to get him out of jail, and procure him his rights.

The jury, in about five minutes after the case was submitted to them, returned the following verdict: "We find him NOT GUILTY, he having been under the influence of insanity at the time he committed the act."

The Court then ordered that Lawrence should be remanded, and be made as comfortable, and treated as well as his situation would permit, until some further provision could be made to prevent him doing further mischief.

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

We learn that Mr. E. C. Maywood, of the Chesnut and Arch street Theatres, will sail for Europe on the 20th of the present month, if possible, for the purpose of engaging another galaxy of stars, to shine in the little world where—

"Though the eagle may be lord above,
Still *Rob* is lord below."

He will take a farewell benefit previous to sailing at the Chesnut street Theatre.

We regret to learn that several attempts have been made within a short time, to set fire to valuable premises in the city and liberties. We hear that one of the persons employed in the board yard of Mr. Stephen Simmons, in water above Vine street had occasion to visit the place late last Friday evening. His presence started several men, who left behind them materials for making a fire. A building on Runkle above Willow street, was attempted the same night,—Holes were bored in the door, and matches with other combustibles were thrust into them.

Schuylkill Canal.—The receipts for Toll during the week ending April 10th, have been $10,996 35.

Appointment by the Governor.

William C. Leavenworth, Esq. Prosecuting Attorney for Berks county.

The daily line of stages from Pittsburg to Erie via Meadville, connected with the line of steamboats from Erie to Buffalo, commence, April 15th. Fare through six dollars.

State Improvements.—Since the commencement of the present fiscal year, up to the 29th of March last, the tolls received on our State Improvements have amounted to $100,406 57; during the week ending 4th April inst. 14,926 68; Total, $115,381 23.

Of this amount $17,914 90 were received on the Columbia Rail Road at Philadelphia; $15,253 07 at Columbia; $12,637 92 at Portsmouth and at Easton $6,003 91.

The Knowles Benefit.—The gross receipts of the Park Theatre on this occasion, as appears from the report of the committee, were $3,851 00—and the expenses $799 84, leaving the sum of $3,054 16 to be paid to Mr. Knowles.

It is stated that over forty-six thousand foreigners were landed at New York during the last year, independent of those who entered coastwise, and from the Canadas. It is expected that at least fifty thousand will arrive during the present year.

At Circleville, Ohio, during the firing of a salute in honor of a political victory in the result of the borough election, by the untimely explosion of the charge Mr. John Wright was killed. A man, named Hood, was obliged to have his arm amputated, and two others were considerably stunned by the force of the exploded charge.

Levi Cutter, the Whig candidate, has been re-elected Mayor of Portland, by a majority of 407 votes over his opponent, the Jackson candidate.

Orders have been received at the Branch of the U. States Bank at Fayetteville, (N. C.) to close the concerns of that institution by gradually lessening the present discounts and declining further applications for loans.

The Hon. Hugh L. White arrived at his residence in the vicinity of Knoxville, Tenn. on the 29th ult. He was met by a number of gentlemen a few miles from town, who gave him a cordial welcome, and escorted him home.

Sandy and Beaver Canal.—Upwards of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars of the stock of this Company has already been subscribed for. There is now every reasonable prospect of the balance being taken. We learn that the subscription books have been left at the office of Thos. Biddle & Co., Walnut near Front street.

The Indemnity Bill.—The Journal of Commerce says—"We understand on good authority, that the Committee of the French Chamber of Deputies had at the last dates passed unanimously upon various items of the American claims as not liable to any objection, which items amount to over twenty-seven millions of francs.

It is estimated that the distance between N. York and Lake Erie may be travelled over by rail road in nineteen hours.

Union Canal.—Amount of Toll received for the week ending April 10th, $4,412 32.

The people of Great Britain drink over two hundred millions of dollars worth of beer annually.

By the Pittsburg Democrat, we learn that the Ohio is in fine order, and the steamers plying briskly with full cargoes. Nine regular lines of canal boats and locomotives go from that city to Philadelphia, one of which is exclusively devoted to passengers, viz: the Pioneer, running through in three and a half days—fare $8.

Inland Commerce.—The Miners' Journal of the 11th inst. states that the canal boat Defiance arrived at Pottsville on Tuesday last with a cargo of 45 tons 12 cwt; of merchandize, being the largest cargo of goods that ever arrived at that place by the Canal.

FROM CHILI.—By letters received in town yesterday,—says the Nantucket Inquirer—per ship Uncas, dated Talcahuana, Jan. 11, we learn that a few days previous, the Araucanian Indians from the interior, with a large armed force, made a hostile and murderous incursion into the town of Arauco. They came upon their victims unexpectedly, in the night time, massacred about 500 people, and carried off as a booty, 2000 head of cattle!

CONNECTICUT.—The Hartford Times gives returns from all the towns in the State except 5. The result for Governor is, Foot 19,317, Edwards 21,795. Jackson majority 2478. The other four towns will increase it to about 2600. Whole number of votes, besides scattering, 41,212. Whole number last Fall in the State, 34,902. Increase, 6,310. The four remaining towns will swell the increase to about 7000. Of 21 State Senators, 16 are Jackson. Every County in the State gives Jackson majorities except Fairfield.—*Jour. Com.*

Rum.—The trial of Joseph Reynolds for the murder of his son, by striking him over the head with a shovel, when both were excited by intoxicating drinks, came on at Dover, N. H. on the 8th inst. The Jury returned a verdict of manslaughter and he was sentenced to the State Prison for five years. He is now 76 years old, and has been habitually intemperate.

The New York Commercial Advertiser of Saturday says:—"On Thursday evening at a meeting of the African Association in Eleventh street, an affray arose among some of the members growing out of a subject in debate. A black, named Charles Miller, was ejected from the room, who afterwards drew a knife upon one of the officers, named Sullevin, and wounded him severely. He has been committed to prison."

The Land Pirates.—We learn from Trenton that the Grand Jury sitting there in connexion with the U. S. District Court, have found indictments against *upwards of forty persons*, including two Justices of the Peace, for being concerned in the plunder of the James Fisher and Henry Franklin, which were driven ashore near Barnegat.—*Jour. of Com.*

A gentleman mentioned to us a day or two since, that he had just reached thisc ity from Louisville, with considerable baggage, and the fare for travelling during the whole journey, did not amount to more than 18 dollars. Louisville is about a thousand miles from this city. Cheap travelling this, at less than two cents per mile.

Practical use of scientific lectures.—Three farmers of New Hempshire having attended a course of lectures on geology, were enabled by the information thereby obtained to purchase a tract of land containing the finest *granite* for $3000. The *owner* was unacquainted with the fact of his possessing this rich mineral. The farmers have since been offered $300,000 for the land!

We understand on good authority that the committee of the French Chamber of Deputies had at the last dates passed unanimously upon various items of the American claims as not liable to any objection, which items, amount to over twenty seven millions of francs.—*Jour. Com.*

J. F. Everett, Esq. has been elected Mayor of Mobile. He received 335 votes, against 302 given to J. B. Hogan.

It is stated in the New Orleans Advertiser that upwards of *five millions of acres* of land in Louisiana, are subject to inundation, and that amount comprises about one sixth of the entire territory of the State. The same paper states that the gross amount of land under cultivation does not exceed forty thousand acres, the annual product of which is about ten millions of dollars, or an average of two hundred and fifty dollars per acre.

A Protestant church has been established at Jerusalem. There have been Catholic chapels in Jerusalem for more than six hundred years.

William IVth's cavalcade did not proceed to the House of Lords for the opening speech from the throne without the majesty "being pretty considerably" hissed and groaned at by his "liege subjects," which he noticed only by a haughty silence, while he bowed as graciously to the few feeble voices that cried "Long live King William!" The ladies were in crowds in the Lords' chamber; and the peers in robes and the bishops in lawn.

A poor laboring man near Holbeton has, by the death of an uncle in India, come suddenly in possession of £30,000. The news did not make him mad. He worked as usual, and remarked that he had "only heard of it but he had not got it."

Fire and loss of Life.—A house owned by Esq. Tallman, and occupied by Robert Anderson, in Washington township, Lycoming county, was consumed by fire on the morning of the 6th inst.—"The fire was discovered about daylight, at which time the flames had got so far under way that it was impossible to save any of the furniture or property in the house. Mr. Anderson was obliged to make his escape out of a window with his wife and some of his children. Two boys in the second story attempted to jump out of a window—one succeeded—the other was driven back by the flames and precipitated into the cellar along with the burning mass. He was about 13 years of age, and was the son of Mr. Anderson. His shrieks were heard amid the roar of the flames by his agonized parents, but no assistance could be rendered him.

Great Despatch.—We were informed, yesterday, by a respectable merchant of this city, that goods from Philadelphia, by way of the Columbia Rail Road and Pennsylvania Canal, arrived here within 6 1-2 and 7 days after shipment, and that some lots, which were destined for Louisville, arrived at that place within three days thereafter, making only 10 days from Philadelphia to Louisville!!! Comment is unnecessary. This serves to show what can be done. We ask our Wheeling friends, whether the great facilities afforded for the quick transmission of goods, by means of our canal and rail roads, will not stop up some of the branches of which they talk so much?—*Pitts. Advocate.*

At Bristol, (Pa.) on Friday evening last, at about 1 half past ten o'clock, a fire broke out in a large building called the "Old Factory," but occupied by a whip-plaiter and two or three carpenters, which was entirely destroyed. It also communicated to the bridge of the Philadelphia and Trenton Rail Road, which was considerably injured. The lumber yard and mill of Dorrance and Warner was also greatly endangered, but by the activity of the citizens and the kind assistance of some of their Burlington neighbors, who brought over with them in the ferry boat, two of their fire engines, the progress of the flames was stopped. Fortunately it was a calm night, and the wind in a favorable direction, or a large part of the town would in all probability have been destroyed.

The author of *Paul Pry* has read a new comedy in Drury-lane Green room, for the copyright of which the lessee has paid him 500l.

FRANCE.—The new English Opera House announces the performance of "Farnagbadjango," also "the extraordinary evolutions of Herr Fredericke Adolphus Henry Seyer Knikvervscoudonprunkengatchden."

The total number of fish seized and condemned as unfit for food, in the city or port of London, during the last three years ending 1833, amounts to 492,536. The number comprises the various descriptions of fish commonly exposed for sale, salmon turbot, cod, herrings, mackerel, lobsters, crabs, &c.

The cold weather experienced so severely during the winter has not been confined to this country. A letter from Algiers, of the 20th of February, says:—"During the late hurricane the thermometer marked eight 7-10th degrees below zero, and the cold was insupportable. To-day the sea is perfectly calm, the sun shines bright, and the thermometer is at 10 degrees below zero."

By the Apalachicola Advertiser, we learn that the weather was never known so severe in Florida, as the present season—even in March, considerable ice formed in the Chattahoches, so as to be an impediment to steam navigation. It is feared the orange, lemon, fig and banana trees are all destroyed.

The following is given as the speech of Mr. Edwards, of Connecticut, on receiving the announcation of his election as the Governor of the State, by a Jackson party:

"Friends and Gentlemen:—I stood by you last year and you have stood by me this. I say with Davy Crockett, I'll stand by the rack, ladder or no ladder."

GOLD.—The Louisville Advertiser announces the arrival at that place of $300,000 in gold intended for the Bank of Kentucky.

The New York City Inspector, reports the death of 105 persons, during the week ending on Saturday, the 11th inst. viz:—37 men, 14 women, 40 boys, and 22 girls. Of whom 28 were of the age of 1 year and under. Diseases, consumption 23; convulsions 9; dropsy in the head 7; small pox 10, &c. Of the above 12 were coloured persons.

INGENIOUS.—A lawyer in the western part of New York, has invented a Saw Mill Dog, which in addition to its self-setting power, will in most cases render only a single hand necessary to attend a saw, it will, if it be desired, enable the saw to cut entirely through the log, and saw that part of the log usually left unsawn. It has also an apparatus attached to it which will hoist and shut the gate.

ILLINOIS CANAL.—We are pleased to learn that the bill for the construction of a canal between the Illinois river and lake Michigan has passed both branches of the Legislature of that State. This improvement, when completed, will be 115 miles in length, and must prove immensely advantageous to the growing interest not only of Illinois, but to the whole western country. It will open a direct communication between the lakes and New Orleans; between the river St. Lawrence and the gulf of Mexico. The estimated cost of this work is $3,000,000.—*Wheeling Gaz.*

DROLL TASTE.—A person who advertises himself, in a western paper, to be a small farmer, and in want of a wife, offers a premium of $100 to any female candidate for matrimony who will become "bone of his bone," and change labours with him;—that is to say, she to take charge of the ploughing, the planting, the pigs, *et cetera*, and he of the sons, the puddings, the babies, *et cetera

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, April 18, 1835.

☞ Look at the Terms on the last page—*There has been no change in them for many years past.*

Our friends at the following named places, are cautioned against paying subscriptions, &c. to the late agents, as they neglect or refuse to make any returns of the sums they have collected.

Mobile, Alabama, late agent, John F. Pagles.
Ellicott's Mills, Md. late agent, S. S. Palmer.
Troy, Missouri, late agent, John S. Bamer.

A few days since a large package of our papers was returned to this office, thoroughly saturated with water, and in a mutilated condition. The package was directed to Illinois, and was mailed in the post office in this city, in good order, but probably met with a mishap in crossing the Susquehanna, which for some days past has been considerably swollen. Accidents of the kind are probably of more frequent occurrence than most persons are aware, and they account for many irregularities and failures in the receipt of papers, which are usually attributed to other circumstances.

There are 22 free Lancasterian Schools in this city, for the instruction of infants, boys girls and blacks—the number being 8,344, boys 1,558, girls 3,786—among these 1,433 infants and 338 blacks. There are other free schools in the city, which swell the total amount of pupils to 9,541. During the past sixteen years, no less than 60,000 children's names have been entered on the school rolls, receiving their education at the public expense. The amount drawn on the Treasurer for expenses for the year, 1834, was $13,476; for real estate $11,228; for school furniture $1,079—total $55,783.

The case of Lord, biscuit baker, indicted before the Mayor's Court, for an attempt to defraud his creditors, was submitted to a jury on Wednesday of last week. On Wednesday of this week, the jury came into court, and reported that they had not agreed upon a verdict, and that there was no probability of agreeing. The foreman stated that the jury were divided 11 to 1 in reference to a verdict, and that the minority, who was a young man, had declared that he would not begin to think of signing a verdict, until he was as old and as gray as the foreman—a man of fifty or sixty years. The foreman stated, moreover, that the majority considered the minority not a proper person to be placed on the jury, but he was here interrupted, by the counsel for the defendant, before he could state his reasons. Theodore Evans, one of the jury then rose, and was proceeding to offer some explanations, when he was interrupted by the court.

The jury asked to be discharged, and it having been stated to the court, that the minority on the jury had held intercourse by letter with a person or persons out of the jury room, the request was granted. Lord was told to bail, in the sum of $10,000, which being unable to procure, he was sent to prison. He will be tried again, after which a synopsis of the testimony will be given to our readers.

Pleasure Excursion.—A company has been formed in New York, called the Yacht Association, who have purchased a fast sailing ship of 400 tons, a vessel of the first class, to be dispatched to the Mediterranean, about the middle of next month, for the sole purpose of a pleasure excursion. She is to sail hence to the coasts of Italy, Egypt and Syria, where the party will have opportunities of visiting Leghorn, Florence, Rome, Naples, Vesuvius and Pompeii, the Nile as far as the Pyramids, Jerusalem and Damascus; after which if the season is not too far advanced, it is proposed to visit Smyrna, Athens, pass through the Grecian Archipelago, touch at Malta, and return to the United States in the Autumn.

The number of passengers is limited to forty—terms for each $700 per month, for which sum stores, beds and bedding, of the best kind will be furnished. Servants one third price. The expedition will be placed under the command of an officer in the U. S. Navy, who is intimately acquainted with every part of the Mediterranean.

Military.—The election for officers of the several regiments, corps, &c. of the militia and volunteers of this state, takes place on the first Monday of June next, and already the attention of the military portion of our citizens is turned to the subject. We presume the office for which the most solicitation will be felt, is that of Brigadier General of the first or city brigade, a situation which affords a fine opportunity for display. Among the gentlemen named as candidates for that office, are Col. S. B. Davis, Col. W. P. Smith, Col. Page, and Major Peter Fritz—either of whom would do credit to the command.

A Democratic State Convention assembled in Albany, N. Y. on Thursday of last week, with the view of making arrangements for the approaching election. The late Lieut. Gov. E. P. Livingston, was appointed President. Delegates, equal in number to the representation of the state in Congress, were appointed to the National Convention, to be held in Baltimore, in May next.

LEGISLATIVE FRACAS.

We learn from Harrisburg, that a very unpleasant occurrence took place in the House of Representatives on Monday morning. Mr. Stevens, of Adams, rose and offered a resolution to expel Mr. McElwee, on the ground, as Stevens states, of a challenge sent by Mr. McElwee to Mr. Ayres. The motion, after a warm debate, was referred to a committee, consisting of Messrs. Lacock, Morris, Snyder of York, Mather and Fraser, with authority to send for persons and papers. As soon as this was disposed of, Mr. McElwee rose, and offered a resolution to expel Mr. Stevens, for indecorous language, &c., which, after a protracted and animated debate, in which Messrs. Cox, Miller of Fayette, Rheiner and Mr. Elwee participated, was referred to a committee consisting of Messrs. Walker, Anderson of Del., Rheiner, Hardy and Gamble.

Mr. McElwee, it appears challenged Mr. Stevens, as well as Mr. Ayres, of Dauphin. McElwee is from Bedford county, and formerly resided in this city. The difficulty between these representatives arose out of the proceedings of the investigating committee on the Eastern Penitentiary, from the report of which committee Mr. McElwee dissented.

In the afternoon of the same day, a personal rencounter took place in the Senate Chamber, between Mr. Baker and Dr. Joel B. Sutherland. The circumstances were simply these. Dr. Burden had offered an amendment to a bill for the purpose of declaring Broad street (Philadelphia) of the same width to the river that the part now open through the city is, viz: 100 feet. Mr. Baker was opposed to it; Dr. Sutherland stood in the circular alley, behind Mr. Baker, and contradicted some of his assertions, in a dictatorial, rude manner; Mr. Baker walked from his seat to the Doctor, and was again contradicted by him—he then struck him with considerable violence—the Doctor did not return the blow.

There is much point in the annexed graphic sketch from the Bristol (R. I.) Gazette. Persons residing in the country have no conception of the number of expensive wants attendant upon a residence in a city.

Sometimes, in the country, it so happens that an article of the least imaginable value, rendered indispensable by some circumstance or other, cannot be procured but at a most enormous expense. Then the good old lady, or the honest old gentleman, is ready to exclaim—*Ah! if we only lived in town we shouldn't be so bothered. Last week Zekey* had to break off ploughing and streak it off like lightning on old switchtail to get a quarter o' tea 'cause aunt *Hetty* was coming to spend the afternoon, (and she never come after all)—now he's got to go again for a piece o' chalk—there's two day's work—man and beast—besides killer right out o'pocket, for a mere matter of expence. We must move to town, and that's the upshot on't, or else we shall be ruined. And to town they come. Here the old gentleman finds that his shoes want *blacking*, and Zekey must have a pair of calf-skin boots; and his coat is "*just made no how*,"—won't do to wear to meetin'—and the old lad's cap a clean out of fashion—and the children can't go to school—nor wear homespun. They must have a teacher—no, wear homespun. They must have a teacher—no, wear homespun. They must have a teacher—no,

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

MY COAT.

Imitated from Beranger.

Though hardly worth one paltry groat,
Thou'rt dear to me, my poor old coat;
For full ten years my friend thou'st been,
For full ten years I've brushed thee clean;
And now like me thou'rt old and wan,
With both the glow of youth is gone;
But worn and shabby as thou art,
Thou and thy owner shall not part,
Poor Coat!

I've not forgot the birth-day eve,
When first I donned thy glossy sleeve;
When jovial friends in stoups of wine,
Drank joy and luck to me and mine,
Our indite-nce let some despise,
We're dear as ever in their eyes,
And for their sakes, old as thou art,
Thou and thy owner shall not part,
Poor Coat!

One evening, I remember yet,
I romping legged to fly Lisette;
She strove her lover to retain,
And thy poor skirt was rent in twain.
Poo- girl she did her best endeavor;
And patched thee up as well as ever
For her sweet sake, old as thou art,
Thou and thou owner shall not part,
Poor Coat!

Never, my coat, hast thou been found,
Reading thy shoulders to the ground,
From any humbug "Lord" or "Grace,"
To beg a pension, star, or place.
Wild forest flowers—no Monarch's dole—
Adorn thy modest button hole;
If but for that, old as thou art,
Thou and thy owner shall not part,
Poor Coat!

Poor tho' we be, my good old friend,
No gold shall bribe our backs to bend;
Honest, amid temptations past,
We will be honest to the last.
For more I prize thy virtuous rags,
Than all the lace a courtier brags:
And while I live and have a heart,
Thou and thy owner shall not part,
Poor Coat!

STATE.—Lady Mary Wortley Montague says:—"One of the highest entertainments in Turkey is having you to their baths. When I was introduced to one, the lady of the house came to undress me—another high compliment to pay to strangers. After she had slipped off my gown, and saw my stays, she was much struck at the sight of them, and cried out to the ladies in the bath—" come hither, and see how cruelly the poor English ladies are used by their husbands;—you need not boast, indeed, of the superior liberties allowed you, when they lock you up thus in a box."

MATRIMONY.—"When kind tumults seize the veins, and all the yielding soul in love," let the aspiring youth "beware" of making promises.

In smiling season and the glowing cheek of beauty expose your heart to the arrows of love, make a truce with Cupid until you experience the effect of December's chill frosts upon the ardor of your passions. Spring-love often freezes in winter; and love once congealed seldom pursues its old channel again.

LINES

TO MISS H. M——ON HER TALKING AGAINST SLAVERY.

You're a foe to all slavery, Harriet, you say;
Then w y do you talk in so charming a way?
For I too have as-le a right to be free,
And yet you are listening your chains upon me!

A person having purchased a watch, placed it in his fob, and strutting across the floor, said to his wife, "Where shall I drive a nail to hang my watch upon, that it may not be disturbed and broke?" "I do not know a safer place," replied his wife," than in our meat barrel; I'm sure no one will go there to disturb it."

THE INDIAN MARKET FOR MATRIMONY.—An officer of the Indian Army, stationed some hundred miles up the country, writes thus to a friend he e:—"We have eight ladies at our station, three married, and five spinsters. They are all well enough in their way, *your passer le temps*, but only one of the latter, I think, will succeed in getting a husband. You will be surprised at this last remark, but the fact is the Indian market is completely glutted at present, and the men in consequence are getting fastidious."

A SIMILE BORNE OUT.

Home likened himself to a *goose*—
Of some similarity bonsted,
The goose, like himself was of use,
And he, like the *goose* has *been roasted*.

The Queen, in politics we're told,
Will soon each loyal bosom thrill;
She has some thoughts of making bold,
To give the public a *new Bill*.

AN EXCUSE.—One of his neighbours once went to Nasr-ed-din, and solicited the loan of a rope. The Khodjah went into his house, and after a delay of several minutes returned, and told the borrower that the rope was in use tying up flour. "What do you mean?" said the neighbour, "how can a rope be used to bind an flour?" "A rope may be applied to any use," replied the Khodjah, "when I do not wish to lend it."—*Turkish Jest-Book.*

LAUDABLE SKETCH.—A correspondent of the New York Journal travelling in Italy, gives the following Ludicrous account of an incident on the road to Venice, and the humorous punishment of a knavish vetturino. It is impossible to read it without laughing.

As we approached Venice, there was a man in the carriage in the civilities of our vetturino. He had before his mind's eye that unsettled, fluctuating sum, the *buona mana*, or the compliment, above bite,—the reward for the civilities that were not included in the strict duties of his duties. As he had omitted to perform some of these requisites for a set object to *buona mana*, for the last four days, he now endeavored to crowd as many as he could into the last two hours. We gave him however a satisfactory sum, five dollars in all, for we considered that he had afford d as much amusement. The Signore was in an especial manner successful in concealing a small needle in a seam of the saddle, with the point upwards, and many was the bounce the vetturino in de when his horse was on a hard pot. He took off the saddle for a strict examination into the mystery of such punctuation, but found not the needle, and suspected not the cause. I cannot suppose otherwise than that a small surface of his hide was punctured as well, that, as all, as the tailor's tore finger.

The friar himself essayed a joke—in which he certainly did not excel—by scattering snuff under the nos of the coachman's hat—and when there was a sneeze, the son of the church would go into convulsions of delight. Certainly the manner of the wight who carried us, were not such, that we felt much afflicted when he underwent a trifling mishap. At Padua he lost his old whip, and his horses were of a cast to take an unfair advantage of his misfortune. We touched him gently on the score of a small allowance, if he should arrive late at Fusina. The order agreed to find his whip by his return, and we promised a new one, on condition that he would put himself in posture and receive one cut with it from each passenger. After a struggle between the inner and outward man, he assented to do, or suffer it, beyond the gates. His pantaloons were of leather, and as tight as his skin. The Jew gave the first lash, and he laid on as though he hated him. I had prescribed the posture, but at the tingling of the lash, he started out of position, and jumped upwards three feet—an agility of which I had not supposed him capable.

The tailor operated next, and he placed the instrument on the part for which it was intended, with the dexterity of one who was an adept in taking measures. The vetturino by grinding his teeth, bore it without hopping, and with the air of a man who has got through the difficulties.

The friar was the third flogger, but he was so overcome with laugh er, that his lash was thrown away upon the jackboots. John's eyes began to glisten—but I soon set him in a becoming gravity. Resolving not to waste my rights, I practised a dozen lashes upon a rock, every one of which struck terror into the culprit. At last, after having sufficiently flogged his imagination, I directed a cut to a more sensitive part, and though in boots of 25 pound weight he danced as though he had been bitten by a tarantula. I then delivered to him his whip, with tears in his eyes, and he rece ved it in the same lachrymose manner. I was apparently some satisfaction to him to fatalate upon his horse, which went at a round rate, though ever and anon, with a conduling air, he put his hand behind, where there were three seams on the surface of the leathern garments.

Extraordinary Ferocity of a Rat.—The following singular case ought to operate as a caution to persons entrusted with the care of children. On the return last Thursday night of Mr. G. Wieland, of Drury Lane, who is a widower, from his duties in King Arthur, to his abode in Wakefield st. Regent's square, he was informed by his housekeeper that his child (eighteen months old) had been disturbed several times, but from what cause she knew not. She had taken up the infant three times, but being overcome with sleep had laid her down again. Mr. Wieland, it appears, took no immediate notice of the circumstance, but was shortly afterwards alarmed by hearing a dreadful scream. He ran to the bed room and took up the child. On removing the sheet he found to his surprise a quantity of blood around the feet. He gave the infant to the woman to examine, and in the meantime turned down the bed-clothes when a tremendous rat started forth. With great presence of mind, Mr. Wieland quickly covered the clothes all over the bed, and tucked them tightly round, by which means he was fortunately enabled to catch and destroy the monster. The first toe on the right foot of the infant was bitten, completely round the joint, and on the side of the left foot the rat's teeth had met in two places. The little sufferer was placed under the care of Dr. Ramadge, of Ely-place, Holborn, who has pronounced her out of danger, and has expressed his astonishment at her escape. The rat measured sixteen inches; and it is supposed must have made its way from the kitchen to the top of the house.

From the Dublin Penny Journal.

DANIEL THE OUTLAW.

In the legend of "the Midwife," which appeared in the last number of the Dublin Penny Journal, I gave an allusion made to the "Oak-crowned outlaw Daniel the Outlaw." It speedily recalled to my memory the bygone days when that cliff and its surrounding hills and streams were the scenes of my early youth—when, at the "misty mansion" of Phil. Sullivan near the bank of the silver Anglin, I received my first ideas of chivalry and romance from the perusal of the "Seven Champions of Christendom"—of the gallant enterprise and warlike arraignen, from the "Irish Rogues and Reparees"—and my early fostered and long matured hatred of tyranny from the "Genuine History of Ireland."

The story of Daniel O'Keefe, surnamed the Outlaw, is involved in much obscurity. He was, it seems, a follower of that O'Keefe who, when driven by the Roches from Fermoy, obtained large possessions in the west-n districts, and that having accidentally slain M'Donnagh, the chieftain of Duhallow, he was forced to betake himself to the mountain fastnesses to shun the vengeance of M'Donnagh's powerful clan. At length, having associated him with a band of daring spirits, he gave proof of his mileasin hatred of the Saxon invader, in bold and desperate outrages on the possessions of the intruders on the native right of the Gael. His daring enterprises and extraordinary escapes from the frequent parties of soldiers sent in pursuit of him, and the protection he afforded to the weak and defenceless, are yet the theme of many an Irish song. The outlaw himself was a polished scholar and poet; and fragments of his verses yet survive among the most aged dwellers of the glens.

The common mode of depredation practised by this freebooter, was to carry off whole herds of cattle from the enemy, until a sufficient sum was sent for their release. The deep glens surrounding his retreat in the cliff, screened the booty taken in his predatory excursions from the closest search; but the cave of Gortmore, by the river Blackwater, was his most usual place of resort, because its proximity to the great thoroughfare between the south and the north, and to the lands of the stranger, rendered it an excellent theatre of operations. Likewise, this retreat could afford safety equally against all attacks. On the side of a huge cliff that fearfully overhangs its base, gaped the opening of the cave; the river which has since receded from the rock, then rolled its wild waters along its base. From the water's edge a few rude steps cut in the limestone rock, led into the cave, but from every other side it was wholly inaccessible, and could be approached only by water.

Daniel the Outlaw had a female companion to soften the horrors of this dark dwelling, and share his life of depredation and danger. Her name was Margaret Kelly. She is said to have been extremely beautiful, and O'Keefe loved her with a long and faithful affection; but the temptation of a large reward offered for his head, induced her to betray him. It was she who generally procured him provision from the neighboring town of Mallow; and she always crossed the river in a boat which was kept concealed in a cave. She agreed one day with the commanding officers at Mallow, to betray O'Keefe into his hands. A few soldiers were so to be stationed convenient to the landing-place on the opposite bank, and when the outlaw, on the next occasion, had conveyed his p idious messenger in the light skiff over the river in her way to town, the soldiers were to shoot him from their place of concealment on his return to his cave. For this service she received an acknowledgment entitling her to the reward on the outlaw's death or apprehension. After concluding this horrid compact, she returned to the cave, when O'Keefe, in a moment of soft dalliance, gently put his hand in her bosom, and was horror stricken to find the parchment that confirmed to the beloved of his heart the price of his blood, and urged to madness at her detestable perfidy he plunged his skein into her bosom, and she expired with a single groan.

The celebrated freebooter was endued with great swiftness. In one of his southern excursions, being detached from his band and alone, he fell in with a party of horse troops, and was pursued many miles. He ran towards Gortmore cave, and the troopers pressing close upon him saw reached the fearful cliffs that overhung the broad Black water, he bounded at a spring from a rock to the opposite bank; his pursuers durst not follow him. A woman who witnessed this extraordinary feat, exclaimed in the Irish tongue, —"How great is thy leap, O! man of wonder;" and he quaintly replied—"It is trifling, compared with the length of the run."

Being seized with a violent fever in a wild district to the west of Mill-arreet, he was betrayed by his nurse tender.—O'Keefe was yet unable to quit his bed, when the hovel to which he was confined, was surrounded by armed men:—he was wrapped in his blanket and laid upon a cart, to which he was fastened down by strong ropes. The soldiers concluded he was dying, and were the less watchful of their prisoner.—Upon reaching Mallow he cut the cords that held him down with the sword which lay close to his side during his illness, and which the soldiers had not perceived as they bore him from the bed. His sudden rush from the cart and the bright flashing of his steel, filled them with astonishment; and in the moment of their resolution and dismay he effected his escape.

SPORTS OF INSECTS.

It is not generally known that some of the smallest insects are discovered to enjoy themselves in sports and amusements after their ordinary toils, or satisfying themselves with food just as regularly as in the case with human beings. They run races, wrestle with each other, and, out of fun carry each other on their backs, much in the same manner as boys. The pleasing characteristics of insects, are particularly observable among ants, which are remarkable for their sagacity. Bonnet, a French author, says, he observed a small species of ants which in the intervals of their industry, employed themselves in carrying each other on their backs, the ruler holding with his mandibles the neck of his bearer, and embracing it closely with his legs.

Gould, another writer on ants, mentions that he has often witnessed these exercises, and says that in all cases, after being carried a certain length, the ant was let go in a friendly manner, and received no personal injury. This amusement is often repeated, particularly among the hill ants, who are very fond of this sportive exercise. It was among the same species that Huber observed similar proceedings, which he has described with his usual minuteness. "I approached," he says, "one day, to the formicary of wood ants, exposed to the sun sheltered from the North. The ants were heaved upon one another in great numbers, and appeared to enjoy the temperature on the surface of the nest. None of them were at work; and the immense number of insects presented the appearance of a liquid in ebullition, upon which the eye could scarcely be fixed without difficulty; but when I examined the conduct of each ant, I saw them approach one another, moving their antennæ with astonishing rapidity, while they jostled with a slight movement, the cheeks of other ants. After these preliminary gestures which resembled an essay, they were observed to raise themselves up on their hind legs by pairs, struggle together, seize each other by the mandible, foot or antennæ, and then immediately relax their hold to recommence the attack. They insisted upon each other's shoulders, or bellies, embraced and overthrew each other, then raised themselves by turns, taking their revenge without receiving any serious mischief. They did not spurt out their venom as in their combats, nor retain their opponents with that obstinacy which we observe in their real quarrels. They presently abandon those which they had first seized, and endeavored to catch others. I have seen some who were so eager in these exercises, that they pursued several of the workers in succession, and struggled with them for a few moments, the skirmish only terminating when the least animated, having overthrown his antagonist, succeeding in escaping and hiding in one of the galleries. In one place, two ants appeared to be gambolling about a stalk of grass—turning alternately, to avoid or seize each other, which brought to my recollection the sport and pastimes of young dogs when they rise on their hind legs, attempting to bite, overthrow, and seize each other, without once closing their teeth. To witness these facts, it is necessary to approach the ant hill with much caution, that the ants should have no idea of your presence: if they had, they would cease at the moment their plays or their occupations, would put themselves in a posture of defence curve up their tails and emit their venom."

INSTINCT OF BIRDS.

They who write on natural history cannot too frequently advert to instinct, that wonderful limited faculty, which, in some instances, raises the brute creation as it were, above reason, and, in others, leaves them so far below it. Philosophers have defined instinct to be that secret influence by which every species is impelled naturally to pursue, at all times, the same way, or track, without any teaching or example; whereas reason, without instruction, would often vary, and do that by many methods which instinct effects by one alone. Now, this maxim must be taken in a qualified sense, for there are instances in which instinct does vary and conform to the circumstances of place and convenience.

It has been remarked that every species of bird has a mode of modification peculiar to itself, so that a school-boy would at once pronounce on the sort of nest before him. This is the case among fields, and woods, and wilds; but in the vi ys round London, where mosses, and gossamer and cotton from vegetables, are hardly to be found, the nest of the chaffinch has not that elegant finished appearance, nor is it so beautifully studded with lichens, as in a more rural district; and the wren is obliged to construct its house with straws and dry grasses, which do not give it this rotundity and compactness so remarkable in the edifices of that little architect. Again, the regular nest of the house-martin is hemispheric; but where a rafter or a joist, or a cornice may happen to stand in the way, the nest is so contrived as to conform to the obstruction, and becomes flat or oval, or compressed.

In the following instances, instinct is perfectly uniform and consistent. There are three creatures, the squirrel, the field-mouse, and the bird called the nut-hatch, which live much on hazel-nuts, and yet they open them each in a different way. The first, after rasping off the small end, splits the shell into two with his long fore-teeth, as a man does with an axe; the second nibbles a hole with his teeth, as regular as if drilled with a wimble, and yet so small that one would wonder how the kernel can be extracted through it; while the last picks an irregular ragged hole with its bill; but as the artist has no paws to hold the nut firm while he pierces it, like an adroit workman, he fixes it as it were in a vice, in some cleft of a tree, or in some crevice, when, standing over it, he perforates the stubborn shell. We have often placed nuts in the chink of a gate-post, where nut hatches have been known to haunt, and have always found that those birds have readily penetrated them. While at work, they make a rapping noise that may be heard at a considerable distance.—*White's Natural History of Selborne.*

"What a capital fellow you'd make to pick cherries!" said a wag to a man whose proboscis was shaped something like a parrot's bill. "Why so?" said the other. "Because you could hook your nose on a limb, and peck with both beaks!"—*Durham Paper.*

RURAL ECONOMIST.

CULTURE OF HEMP.

DR HON. HENRY CLAY.—Having promised you some account of the method of cultivating and preparing hemp in this state, I now proceed to redeem it. I shall endeavor to describe the general practice of the cultivation, without noticing all the deviations of particulars individuals.

The district of country in which the plant is most extensively cultivated, is the Elkhorn region around and near Lexington, which derives its name from a stream discharging itself into the Kentucky river, whose branches are supposed to resemble the horns of the elk. It is also produced in considerable quantities in the counties of Jefferson, Shelby, Mercer, Madison Clarke, Bourbon and Mason. The soil of that region is a rich, deep vegetable loam, free from sand and with but little grit. It has upon a bed of clay, in connexion with small fragments of iron ore, and this clay in as turn reposes on a stone of limestone lying many feet in depth in horizontal strata. The surface of the country is generally undulating. The rich land, (and there is but little that is not rich,) on this whole region, is well adapted to the growth of hemp, where it has not been too much exhausted by injudicious tillage. The lands which produce it best, are those which are fresh, or which have lain some time in grass or clover. Manuring is not yet much practised. Clover is used in lieu of it. Lands which remain in clover four or five years without being too constantly and closely grazed, recover their virgin fertility. The character of the soil in the other counties above mentioned, does not vary materially from that in the Elkhorn district.

The preparation of the ground, for sowing the seed, is by the plough and harrow, until the clods are sufficiently pulverized or dissolved, and the surface of the field is rendered even and smooth. It should be as carefully prepared as it is were for flax. This most important point, too often neglected, cannot be attended to too much. Scarcely any other crop better rewards diligence and careful husbandry. Fall or winter ploughing is practised with advantage—it is indispensable in old meadows, or old pasture grounds intended for producing hemp.

Plants for seed are ordinarily reared in a place distinct from that in which they are cultivated for the lint. In this respect, the usage is different from that which is understood to prevail in Europe. The seeds which are intended to reproduce seeds for the crop of the next year, are sowed in drills about four feet apart. When they are grown sufficiently to distinguish between the male and female stalks, the former are pulled and thrown away, and the latter are thinned, leaving the stalks separated seven or eight inches from each other. This operation is usually performed in the blooming season, when the sexual character of the plants is easily discernible; and male alone blossoming, and, when agitated, throwing off farina, a yellow dust or flour which falls and colors the ground, or any object that comes in contact with it. A few of the male plants had better be left, scattered through the drill, until the farina is completely discharged, for an obvious reason. Between the drills a plough is run sufficiently often to keep the ground free from weeds and grass; and between the stalks in each drill the hoe is employed for the same object. The seed plants are generally cut after the first smart frost, between the 25th September and the middle of October, and carried to a barn or stack-yard, where the seeds are easily detached by the common thrall. They should be gathered after a slight frost, but before a severe frost; and, as they fall out very easily, it is advisable to haul the plants in a sled, and, if convenient, when they are wet. If immersed on a cart or wagon, a sheet should be spread to catch the seed as they shatter out. After the seeds are separated, the stalks which bore them being too large, coarse and harsh to produce lint, are usually thrown away: they may be profitably employed in making charcoal for the use of powder mills. In Europe, where the male and female plants are promiscuously grown together in the same field, both for seeds and for lint, the male stalks are first gathered, and the female suffered to remain growing until the seeds are ripe, when they are also gathered, the seed secured and lint obtained, after the rotting, from both descriptions.

The seed—whether to produce seeds only, or the lint—are sowed about the same time. Opinions vary as to the best period. It depends a good deal upon the season. The plant is very tender when it first shoots up, and is affected by frost. Some have sowed as early as the first of April; but it is generally agreed, that all the month of May, and about the 10th of it especially, is the most favorable time. An experienced and successful hemp-grower, in the neighborhood of Lexington, being asked the best time to sow hemp, answered, immediately before a rain. And undoubtedly it is very fortunate to have a moderate rain directly after sowing.

When the object is to make a crop of hemp, the seeds are sown broad-cast. The usual quantity is a bushel and a half to the acre; but here again the farmers differ, some using two bushels, or even two and a half. Much depends on the strength and fertility of the soil, and the care with which it has been prepared, as well as the season. To these causes may be ascribed the diversity of opinion and practice. The ground can only sustain and nourish a certain quantity of plants; and if that limit be passed, the surplus will be smothered in the growth. When the seeds are sown, they are ploughed or harrowed in; ploughing is best in old ground as it avoids the injurious effect of a beating rain, and the consequent baking of the earth. It would be also beneficial, subsequently to roll the ground with a heavy roller.

After the seeds are sown, the labors of the cultivator are suspended, until the plants are ripe, and in a state to be gathered—every thing in the intermediate time being left to the operations of nature. If the season be favorable until the plants are sufficiently high to shade the ground (which they will do in a few weeks, at six or eight inches height,) there is strong probability of a good crop. When they attain that height, but few articles sustain the effect of bad seasons better than hemp.

It is generally ripe and ready to be gathered about the middle of August, varying according to the time of sowing. Some sow at different periods, in order that the crop may not all ripen at the same time, and that a press of labor, in rearing it, may be thus avoided. The maturity of the plant is determined, by the evaporation of the farina, already noticed, and the leaves of the plant exhibiting a yellowish hue: it is then generally supposed to be ripe, but it is safest to wait a few days longer. Very little attentive observation will enable any one to judge when it is fully ripe. In that respect it is a very accommodating crop: for if gathered a little too soon the lint is not materially injured, and it will wait the leisure of the farmer some ten days or a fortnight after it is entirely ripe.

Two modes of gathering the plants are practiced; one by pulling them up by the roots, an easy operation with an able bodied man, and the other by cutting them about two inches (the nearer the better) above the surface of the ground. Each mode has its partisans, and I have pursued both. From a quarter to a third of an acre, in the common task of an average laborer, whether the one or the other mode is practiced. The objections to pulling are, that the plants with their roots remaining connected with them, are not afterwards so easy handled in the several operations which they must undergo; that all parts of the plant do not rot equally alike when exposed to the dew and rain; and, finally that before you put them to the brake, when the root should be separated from the stalk, the root drags off with it some of the lint. The objection to cutting is, that you lose two or three inches of the best part of the plant nearest the root. Pulling, being the most ancient method, is most generally practiced, I prefer, upon the whole, cutting—and I believe the number who prefer it is yearly increasing. When pulled, it is done with the hand, which is better for the protection of an old leather glove. The laborer catches twenty or thirty plants together, with both hands, and by a sudden jerk draws them without much difficulty. The operation of cutting is performed with a knife, often made out of an old scythe, resembling a sickle, though not so long, but broader. The knife is applied much in the same way as the sickle, except that the laborer stoops more.

Whether pulled or cut, the plants are carefully laid on the ground, the *evener the better, to cure*—which they do in two or three days, in dry weather. A light rain falling on them while lying down is thought by some to be beneficial, inasmuch as the leaves, of which they should be deprived, may be easier shaken off or detached. When cured, the plants are set up in the field in which they were produced, in shocks of convenient size, the roots or but ends resting on the ground, and the tops united above by a band made of the plants themselves. Previous to putting them up in shocks, most cultivators tie the plants in small hand bands as at each can be conveniently held in one hand. Before the shocks are formed, the leaves of the plants should be rapidly knocked off with a rough paddle or hooked stick. Some suffer the plants to remain in these shocks until the plants are spread down to be rotted. Others, again, collect the shocks together as soon as they can command leisure, (and it is clearly best,) and form them into stacks. A few farmers permit these stacks to remain over a whole year, before the plants are exposed to be rotted. I have frequently done it with advantage, and have at it is time two crops in stalks. By remaining that period in stalks, the plants go through a sweat or some other process that improves very much the appearance, and, I believe, the quality of the lint, and this improvement fully compensates the loss of time in bringing it to market. The lint has a soft texture and a lively hue, resembling water rotted hemp; and I once sold a box of it in the Baltimore market at the price of Rema hemp. In every other respect, the plants are treated as if they were not kept over a year.—*Western Agriculturalist.*

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* Would it not be well to soak the seed in water a few hours previous to sowing? We have found this to answer nearly as good a purpose as rain after sowing, with all seeds, with which we have tried it. The vegetation of mangel wurzel is wonderfully accelerated by it.—*Ed. Am. Far.*

To detect Copper in Green Tea.—Put a few leaves of the tea, cut small, into a vial with two or three drams of liquid Ammonia, diluted with one half the quantity of water. Shake the vial, and if the smallest portion of copper be present the liquid will assume a fine blue color.

The Eye.—The use of shades and bandages on every trifling affection of the eye, is an evil that cannot be too strongly reprobated; for the action of light and air being thus excluded, and the organ rigidly compressed, ophalmia, and even total blindness, must unhesitatingly the consequence of that which, being perhaps merely a slight flow of humor, or a little extravasated blood would have subsided in a few days, if judiciously treated, or even if left to itself.—*Curtis.*

Ring Worm.—An esteemed friend says, common lamp oil applied to the part affected will cure the ringworm.—*Ohio paper.*

Marshall's Worm Syrup,
AND INFANT PRESERVATIVE.

THE recommendation of this invaluable medicine and others, will be found in the pamphlets of Dr. Chapman, one of the physicians who effected that most distressing malady—the Cholera.

The symptoms are—a dry throat—a sensation as if a ball was rolling in the stomach—sometimes a violent pain, and sometimes a total want of feeling—a dry cough—a sensation about the navel, that will be sometimes distended above the navel, and sometimes sunk—the eyes heavy and dull, aching of the nose—short dry cough, grating of the teeth and starting during sleep, although not much in the habit of grinding them.

When these symptoms occur, the worm syrup, if taken according to the directions, will afford relief, destroy the worms and the miserable or other matter in which they are hatched, and bring the system into a healthy condition.

The proprietor, with a full knowledge of all the different specifics in use for the destruction of worms, can confidently recommend this syrup as the most powerful and effectual vermifuge ever offered to the public, being entirely free from that deleterious article, pink root, but other dangerous drugs which are sometimes used, and which give rise to vertigo, dimness of sight, dilated pupils, &c.

This syrup is also a most powerful and active purgative, it operates like a charm on the tender and delicate frame of infants, it is easier to take it; whereas all the worm medicines at present in use are as nauseous and unpalatable, that it is difficult to get children to take them.

The medicine is also peculiarly useful for preventing and removing many other diseases to which children in their early infancy are subject to, such as loss of summer complaints, diarrhœa, dysentery, and hooping cough, &c. &c. Numerous testimonials, and hopes, with cases and strict attention, to merit a continuance of the liberal patronage which he has hitherto received from the public.

A splendid assortment of American Pianos constantly on hand. Also, Italian Violin, Guitar, and Harp Strings.

Pianos tuned, repaired, &c. Musical instruments of all kinds, neatly repaired.

ap 4—6t

To Teachers.

THE Principal of a well established Academy, located in a healthy, pleasant and highly advantageous situation, being desirous of retiring from the business, wishes to procure a suitable person to occupy his place.

Letters (post paid) addressed to A. B. C. at the care of the Editor of this paper, will meet with prompt attention.

N. B.—Reference for character and qualifications, will be required. ap 4—3*

Important to Tailors.

ALLEN WARD, *Nos. 79 and 80 Arcade, Philadelphia*, gives notice, that he has lately patented what he calls the PROOF SYSTEM OF TAILORING, and now offers Rights, with explanations, models, &c., thereto belonging, for the sum of *ten dollars per annum*, pay able in advance. The money may be sent to him by mail, or otherwise, whereupon the apparatus will be forwarded with a set of models and a diploma, free of charge. The Proof System is one by which persons dispensing of the use of the system, after giving a fair trial, shall have his money refunded, by returning the models, &c. uninjured.

☞ Previous to the above was in print, Mr. James H. Chappell, proceeds to caution the Trade against purchasing the above system from me, by saying that I am infringing on his Patent Right, and that he will prosecute all intruders, &c.

Now, to all whom it may concern, I would say, that Allen Ward has the only legal Patent Right to the above system, and does hereby warrant, and will defend the title of said patent right against the claims of James H. Chappell, and against the claims of all persons claiming under him. And Ward also warrants his systems to be more perfect, and better adapted to the use of fashionable tailors, than any and all systems whatever, and is confident of that fact being very extensively borne out by a number of the first tailors of the city of Philadelphia. Also, at his office may be seen several hundred testimonials of the superiority of his system. It is therefore well considered by invite the curious to send for the work according to the terms specified, and if they do not in any manner be satisfied, send it back and the money shall be refunded. Four stamps is a jewel.

Ward's Proof System is published quarterly, the Fashions according to the *Protractor System*, the price of which is *ten dollars per year*, payable in advance.

Letters with money inclosed, may be addressed.

ap 4—3t ALLEN WARD, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Card.

ELLIS MIDDLETON—SURGEON DENTIST, South Fourth street, corner of Sansom, N. E. side.

E. M. is personally present at his Parlor (as above) to lease a number of the conducting six years, and can be consulted from 9 A. M. until 6 P. M.

Complete set of Mineral Teeth $100. Single Tooth Natural or Incorruptible, from $2 to $5 00.

Tooth plugging with Gold $1 00 Extracting Tooth, 50 cts.

Filing Teeth, 50 cents, and other charges not extortionate.

References—Dr. Joseph Parrish, (my medical preceptor,) Dr. Charles Scattergood, Dr. Joseph Worthington, Dr. Thomas Lewis, Joseph Trotter, Edward B. Garretson, Mahlon Kearny, Isaac Kuhn, John V. Hart, John Kennedy, Tegliff Jobraed, Franklin H. Smith, J. & E. Riehle, Joseph Markoe, Henry Kuhn, and others if required. ap 4—6t

Property for Sale.

FIVE HOUSES, situate on a lot running from Beach st. to Penn street, nearly opposite the Cohen Factory. Kensington. Also, two houses on Frankford road, near the same lot, for sale. Inquire of DANIEL MACK, No. 112 Frankford Road.

ap 4—6t*

CARPENTER'S
COMPOUND CERATE OF COPAIVA,

A valuable application for Burns, Scalds, Wounds, Ulcerations and Sores of various kinds.

IT has long been a desideratum to obtain a preparation of the above kind, which could be used in families—a case of sudden accident, and which will afford immediate relief. G. W. Carpenter is pleased to announce the introduction of the above preparation, as possessing all the qualities here described, and which he has every pleasure recommending to the public, as a safe, pleasant and soothing application, for all external and irritable wounds, or inflamed surfaces.

It has been fully tested by private practice, and the result has been highly satisfactory and beneficial in character.

In burns, scalds, wounds, ulcerations and sores of various kinds, its application has been productive of so much benefit, and it is confidently recommended to the public, as an article which will be found extremely useful in the family. Being mild and gentle in its effect, it is particularly applicable to burns, it allays the heat, and irritation of the parts, in a short time, and speedily induces the healthy process.

Every family in the United country should supply themselves with this preparation; it is superior to most of the ointments which are obtained upon the public, and may be advantageously employed in all cases, where a mild and stimulating application is required.

It is neatly put up in boxes and pots, at 50 and 25 cents each. Prepared and sold only at

GEORGE W. CARPENTER'S
General Western Depot,
No. 301 Market street, Philadelphia.

As there may be attempts at imitation, the proprietor will affix his signature as a guarantee of its genuineness.

jan 28, 1835—eowtf

Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam.

THIS truly valuable remedy has been before the public for seven years, and has proved itself the most valuable remedy discovered for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, or Phthisic, Consumption, Whooping Cough, and Pulmonary affections of every kind. Its sale is steadily increasing, as the properties are constantly receiving the most favorable testimony of its effects. The following certificates are offered for public examination:

CERTIFICATES.

In the winter of 1832 and 1833, I was seized with spitting of blood, which continued with very great relief for some time. I consulted several eminent physicians, and took much medicine, but the relief obtained was only transient. In the spring I commenced taking the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam. At this time I was much worse. That winter before I was troubled with the Balsam. I raised about half a pint of blood, was oppressed with great hoarseness and a bad cough. I commenced taking the Balsam, thinking it this failed, I should resort to the last remedy, either a ball or a dose of saltpetre-peter. All the unfavorable symptoms were removed by relieved, the cough cured, and I have not been troubled with spitting of blood since. I am now able to operate my trade, (that is proper-maker) which I have not been able to say for three years previous to it. WM. GODFREY.

Roxbury, Mass. Aug 28, 1833.

I am satisfied that the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam is a valuable medicine. It has been used in this place with considerable success. In addition to the above, I was troubled with a severe cough, loss of voice, and the raising of much blood, which had previously resisted many approved prescriptions. After using the Balsam one week, the patient's voice returned, and she was completely relieved. The cough continued some time after, and the same means employed proved to relieve, but to labourious business. Respectfully yours, &c.

SAMUEL MORRILL, M. D.

Concord, N. H Jan. 30 1833.

In October, 1830, I was attacked with a cough, accompanied with a severe pain in the side and difficulty of breathing. I resorted to several remedies, but without effect. In January, 1831, I was attended by a skilful physician, and after spending five months in his care, I was discharged as incurable. My cough was incessant, attended with a most distressing and offensive expectoration; my flesh was wasted, my feet swollen, and my strength extremely reduced. In April, my case seemed entirely hopeless, I was told by my physician that medicine could be of no further service to me, and it was suggested by any of my friends that I could survive a month. In the meantime my daughter procured a bottle of the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam, of which she had heard me speak favorably, (after I had myself relinquished all hope of recovery,) and requested me to try it. In one was allowed with the most unexpected and happy result. It gave me immediate relief, and one bottle effected a cure. I have since been free from pain in my side and cough, except in the case of common colds, which are soon got up in the first style by experienced workmen.

Mr. Noah Bailey, jr. is generally known that the person are much lower than at most other establishments in this city.

may 14—2m

Wm. D. Nolen,
Surgeon Dentist and Manufacturer of Porcelain Teeth,

No. 134 NORTH EIGHTH STREET, PHILADA.

may 7 '35—1y

Leather Bark Mills.

SELLING off, at No. 112 Chestnut street, the stock and fixtures of W. FRICHETT, deceased, consisting of 300 of Bales of Hemlock Sole Leather, of the first quality, 50 0 do. do. do. various tannage,

2000 Sides Spanish, do. with a consignment of Sanded Upper, Skirting, Harness, Band and Water Proof Leather; for sale by the Call and Skirt Dealers and Curriers, at wholesale.

1 Patent Machine for Splitting Leather,
1 Mill Stone for grinding Bark or Hides,
1000 feet rope and Hanging Stone.

may 21—3t

Farm for Sale.

WILL be sold at Public Vendue, on the 5th of 5th month next, between the hours of 2 and 5 o'clock P. M. on the premises, whereon Roberts Shreve now lives, in the township of Mansfield, county of Burlington, New Jersey, called Fair View Farm, containing 250 acres, about 100 of which is farm, 40 meadow, and the remainder meadow land. It is divided into lots of about 25 acres each, inclosed with good chestnut and cedar fences—a stream of water runs through the same, and one of the former dwelling houses, with a good cellar under the same, with two rooms on the first floor and two on the second, a pump at the door, and garden attached; also, a double corn house, with two rooms on the first floor, and a granary above. The terms of sale will be for one half in approved negotiable notes, and possession given the 1st of 4th month next.

RICHARD BARNARD.

feb 21—tf

Watches,
Cheap for Cash or Exchange.

THE subscriber having on hand a large assortment of Watches, Chronometers, Jewellery, will dispose of the same for cash or approved paper, at a small advance from cost. Those having watches to exchange, will find it to their advantage to call before purchasing elsewhere.

Ear rings, Finger rings, Breast pins, Bracelets, Watch Chains, Beads, Keys, &c. &c. JOHN BRIDE,

No. 160 North Second st. corner of Noble, Philadelphia.

☞ Old Gold and Silver bought at cash prices.

N. B. Commissioners, Patent Levers, Repeaters, Lepines, and Plain Watches, repaired, cleaned and warranted.

jan 17—6m

Pugh Madeira,

SURGICAL INSTRUMENT AND ELASTIC TRUSS MANUFACTORY, No. 20 North Third street, to 22 South Seventh street, four doors above Chestnut, Philadelphia.

N. B.—Wanted, an active assortment of dissecting instruments, which he will dispose of on the most reasonable terms.

may 14—6m*

New and Fashionable
JEWELLERY, WATCHES, &c.

THE subscriber, having added to his former stock, a choice assortment of Jewellery, Watches, &c. of the most fashionable patterns, respectfully invites his friends and the public to call before purchasing elsewhere—North Second st. between Race & Vine, Philadelphia.

N. B. Gold and silver Lepine, Patent Lever, and plain Watches. Musical Tune Pins. Pivot Broaches, Screw Gauges, Pivot Drills, Turning Tools, Watch Glasses, Main Springs, Pivot Steel, Jewels, &c. &c. Also, Pistol and Bullet moulds, Percussion Caps, Powder flasks, Shot belts, Gun Worms, Gun Screws, Gun Locks, Gun